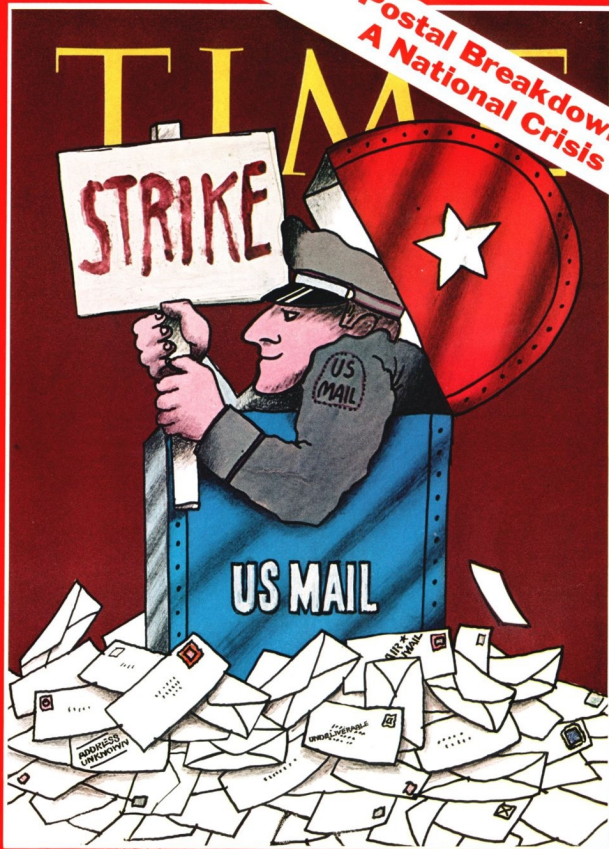


FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 30, 1970

**Postal Breakdown:
A National Crisis**



It takes some of the work out of some of your work.

You could get quite a kick out of using the Polaroid Land camera at work.

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Suppose you could snap a dozen pictures of a new construction site. And have them in the mail to the home office with your daily report.

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MONY MAN: Mr. Caesar, I can give you XXX or XL reasons why a MONY policy makes good sense.

CAESAR: XXX or XL! I've barely time to listen to one, what with these commentaries I'm writing. How does this grab you for an opening sentence? *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres.*

MONY MAN: Rather racy, sir, but excellent. Now let me give you that reason. Your own soothsayers predict that, because of the extreme worth of MONY policies, six Presidents of the United States will hold them. (Ed.

Note: The soothsayers, as always, were 100% correct.)

CAESAR: "MONY—the policy of great leaders"—if I may suggest an advertising slogan. A most convincing argument, my friend. But you'll have to give me some time to think it over. See me after the Ides of March.

Ed. Note: As is known to one and all, the fates—with a sharp assist from Brutus, Cassius & Co.—decreed that the Ides of March would be too late. Caesar, alas, like so many of us when it comes to life and health insurance, was a delayer. Et tu, mister?

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

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LETTERS

A Bus Is Not a Bridge

Sir: It was heart-breaking to see the photo of the little girl holding the sign that said "I don't want to go to school with the blacks" [March 9]. I was sickened to think that any parent could knowingly corrupt his child with such senseless hatred. Until human beings cleanse themselves of bigotry, busing will do nothing to bridge the gap between the races.

STEVEN SYLVESTER

Brunswick, Me.

Sir: Do that child's parents realize that in hanging their hate message around her neck, they have truly hanged their own daughter?

BARBARA MAURIELLO

Oxford, England

Sir: On behalf of myself and other concerned Georgians, I wish to offer an apology to the black people of this country for our Governor's offensive and distasteful behavior in the Capitol restaurant. Ironically, it has been our gracious Governor who has been acting like "an ass and a baboon" for the past four years. Lester Maddox has made the state of Georgia the laughingstock of the nation for the last time. In the future, everyone else will sympathize with Georgia's "problem."

DIANNE DAY

Smyrna, Ga.

Sir: You failed to state that much of the slowing of integration is due to the actions of the Negroes themselves.

In this city, Negro high school students in an integrated high school studied, demonstrated and caused various difficulties because there were no "black studies" offered in the curriculum. Such studies are offered as an elective in every college and university in this area. As one white parent commented: "We speak French and my family arrived in Louisiana shortly after Bienville laid out the city of New Orleans; however, I do not expect that French history and culture should be taught my child in a public high school. If they are so anxious to be first-class American citizens, let them study American history."

A local private Negro college has let it be known that it wishes to be "all black." It plans to eliminate the 50% white of the faculty as soon as possible.

The Black Panthers, excessive demands and segregation in reverse are hardly conducive to good race relations.

JOHN W. HILLTON

New Orleans

Sir: "Retreat from Integration" will undoubtedly strengthen the myth that racism and bigotry are unique to white America. Truth is, there isn't a country on earth where large populations of two different races live in harmony.

The Irish hate the British, and the British hate the Jamaicans in their midst; the Swedes hate Norwegians; most Europeans hate Russians; Russians hate everybody. Frenchmen hate Germans and vice versa; Arabs and Jews hate each other. Malaysians and Indonesians hate Chinese; Chinese hate everybody. All tribes in Africa hate one another; Pakistanis hate Indians and vice versa, ad infinitum.

So take heart, racists and bigots of America; shed your hair shirt. You've got plenty of company the world around.

C.H. ALEXANDER

Phoenix

Sir: In your discussion of school desegregation, you did not mention the large Mexican population of Los Angeles. They are the only reason I'd like to see children bused around my native city; to spread out the Mexicans, in the hope that their beautiful natural graciousness would transfer itself to the younger generation (including some of my own relatives) and perhaps bring back some of the atmosphere of genteel living and good manners that Los Angeles once had.

HELEN RICKABAUGH

Lakeport, Calif.

A Certain Few

Sir: After reading the article on the Chicago Seven [March 2], I thank God for his decision to make me a Samoan. On our island we have customs and traditions that define the duties and obligations of the young to our society. These same traditions hold back the young generation from disturbing or trying to destroy in any way the order that we inherited from our forefathers. We have a mutual understanding that the young generation will have its say when its time comes to take over full responsibility in our society.

It is a shame that the freedom your forefathers unselfishly sacrificed their lives for is now being slowly destroyed by a certain few.

ERIC T. HOWLAND

Pago Pago

ESPopularity

Sir: There you go, quoting Clairvoyant Maurice Woodruff on his grim predictions

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in McCall's magazine for the Messrs. Reagan and Agnew [March 9]. Fine. But you neglect his one really important prediction: "Richard Nixon will gain great popularity in 1970. Comes time for re-election, I guarantee that he will be almost unopposed." Ah, but you don't like that.

MRS. S. MADOUR

Flushing, N.Y.

Strength in Purity

Sir: TIME includes my name among U.S. sources who supposedly have stated that Tran Ngoc Chau reported meetings with his Communist brother "not only to other Vietnamese officials but also to the CIA" [March 9]. If you had checked with me first, I would have told you truthfully that I had no knowledge of Chau's meetings with his brother or of what he did about telling anyone of such meetings.

The direct quote attributed to me that Chau is "a very loyal, patriotic Vietnamese" is correct. It was my privilege to have known Chau when he was a province chief in Kien Hoa, later as the director of Revolutionary Development cadre training at Yung Tau, and then as an elected Deputy in the lower house of Viet Nam's National Assembly. He impressed me with the firmness with which he believed and followed the tenets of Confucian ethics in his public life, tenets that provide ideal guidance for a public servant in any human society.

In talks with me, as in his actions, Chau expressed a deep love of his country and his opinion that the Leninist system the Communists were trying to force on his fellow countrymen was a form of immoral slavery every man of good will must fight against. He was critical of some of the things done in the name of the Nationalist cause. He wanted it pure enough to gain the strength needed to win out over Communism and bring meaningful new life to the Vietnamese people.

EDWARD G. LANSDALE

Major General, U.S.A.F. (Ret.)

Alexandria, Va.

Case Dismissed

Sir: There is absolutely no case for war. The conclusions drawn by British Sociologist Andreksi [March 9] are superficial. The only purpose that war serves is to spread hatred and fear and to deprive a country of a large part of its resources, which could otherwise be used to fight poverty, disease and ignorance.

It is absurd to say that military superiority had much to do with the spread of industrial civilization. The present industrial society has come into being because of the rationalization of the methods of production and the application of scientific mentality.

G. PARDESI

Munich

Sir: Realists recognize war as being man's "ultimate" conflict, resulting from a multiplicity and complexity of minor ones. And society without conflict ceases to be. War satiates an innate desire in man that is as basic as love. Being moral (?) beings, we don't like to acknowledge this aspect of our nature. But no solution to any problem was ever found by denying its origin. Might we not find the answer in that age-old maxim "Know thyself"?

BETTY O. HATRICK

Leesburg, Va.

Sir: By stating the case for war, one is stating the case for mankind. Of all the spe-

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Western Electric people are already working in "clean rooms" like these, to make many kinds of important elec-

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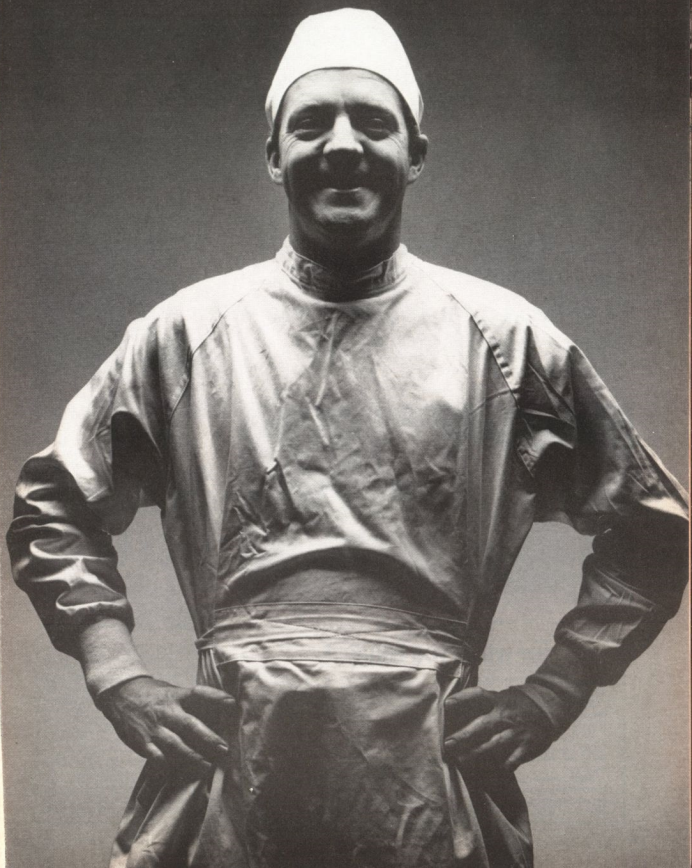
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cies on earth, there is only one that, when in conflict with its own species, will die for what it believes in. This dignity of sacrificing one's life for ideas and beliefs has brought us out of the forests, built our civilizations and brought a good many of us liberty and freedom.

JEROME ZERG

Los Angeles

People to Feed People

Sir: Human cannibalism [March 9] has one problem. To keep human victims really plump for the dinner table, we would have to feed them high-protein foods such as beef or fish, since men are not able to synthesize effectively from the monocytes (grasses) and plankton (both plant and animal) the necessary amino acids to create protein the way cattle and fish do. The most efficient course, then, would be to eat the beef and fish ourselves and, so to speak, cut out the middleman.

JOSEPH E. HALL JR.

Manhattan

"Over There"

Sir: Three cheers for Mme. Pompidou for conserving the French President's clothing budget by becoming a Paris-based international midriffless mannequin [March 9]. However, I would borrow the title from an old W.W. I song and plead with her to publicize keep the midi "over there." The mini is such a pleasant distraction from scholastic rigor.

WALLACE M. WILSON, '70

Florida Southern College
Lakeland, Fla.

Sir: Before we all panic and sew 16-inch ruffles onto our minis, let us remember that the French rejected the mini from the start.

The fashion was begun in London by English working girls, to my knowledge the only worldwide trend ever to get under way without the benefit of the Parisian designers.

WINI MASTIN

Nicholasville, Ky.

Sir: What group do you think gives a damn whether the French President's wife goes to the White House in a Mother Hubbard or stark naked? The only people who really care are the manufacturers on Seventh Avenue, and if they listen to *Women's Wear Daily* long enough, they can wear their minis after they've lost their shirts.

R.V. LANCASTER

Hamilton, N.Y.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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For every parent . . .
For every teacher . . .

THE TIME GUIDE TO

DRUGS AND THE YOUNG

At least 5 million youngsters in this country have tried marijuana.

They're not delinquents or from urban slums. They're kids you know. Maybe your own.

Like it or not, drugs permeate much of today's youth culture. Children as young as nine or ten are singing songs of drug-induced highs, wearing clothing inspired by psychedelic dreams, speaking the jargon of the addict and experimenting with dozens of possibly harmful substances.

A DILEMMA FOR ADULTS

For parents, teachers and legislators, drugs have become a nightmare. Drug abuse defies facile explanations and easy solutions. More often than not, well-

meaning but ill-informed adults are alienating the youngsters they seek to help.

Against this background, the TIME Education Program has created DRUGS AND THE YOUNG, a clear, comprehensive and unemotional look at drug abuse.

Originally prepared for TIME's Social Studies Program, this exclusive guide is now being made available to the public. Its price is \$1.50 per booklet; or for orders of more than 10 booklets, \$1.00 each. (Postage and handling included.)

THE COST OF DRUGS

Many of the points brought out by the booklet are surprising; some are shocking. For example:

- Unlike heroin, most drugs taken by teenagers are relatively inexpensive. A "joint" of marijuana costs only about 75¢. A Dexedrine pill just 10¢.
- Many parents unwittingly steer their children toward experimentation by their own abuse of so-called accepted drugs.
- Underworld pushers don't hook most youngsters on drugs. Their friends do.
- Drug education should begin at about the third grade level. Drug abuse has already reached some junior high schools.

AN HONEST APPRAISAL

DRUGS AND THE YOUNG makes it clear that the only answer to this problem is proper education. Not the naive dissemination of misinformation that has created a "credibility gap" between the generations, but an honest appraisal of the drugs themselves and of the values by which we live.

The booklet points out that the worst strategy a community can adopt is to close its eyes and pretend that no problem exists. It is in the comfortable suburban areas and rural towns—the 'it can't happen here places'—that drug use is growing fastest.

CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- What drugs are youngsters using? How dangerous are they?
- Why do youngsters start on drugs?
- How often does experimentation lead to addiction?
- Where do parents go wrong?
- How should drugs be approached in the classroom?
- First-person accounts by two youngsters of their experiences with drugs (on spirit-master for easy duplication.)

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So when April 1st arrives, be sure to answer all the questions. Your Census Form is not only as confidential as your vote—it's just as important.



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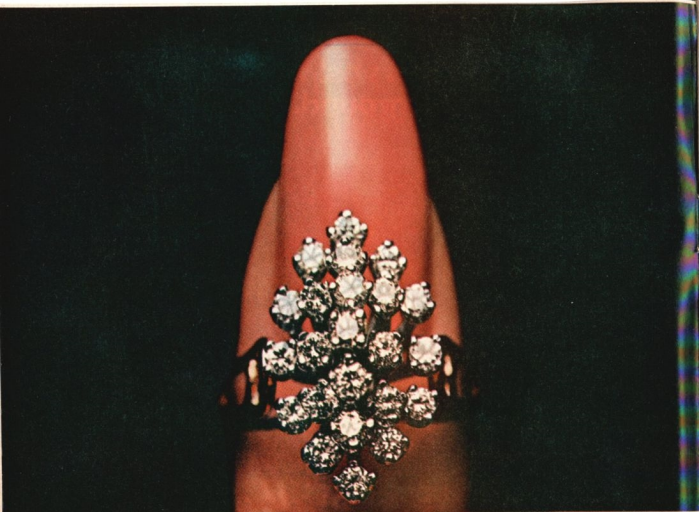
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Lane (u)

NOT power the November 1965 event affected so many people so personally and immediately as the subject of this week's cover story: the mail strike. This time the effects are even broader, involving 42 states as we go to press, and possibly the entire nation within days. The story details the grievances of the messengers whose traditional loyalty to their rounds has been shattered in a bitter dispute over wages. It also recounts the unfortunate—occasionally amusing—effects of the walkout. Our correspondents from all over the country filed voluminous reports to Senior Editor Laurence Barrett, Writers Peter Stoler and Researcher Marion Pikul. In New York City, where the trouble began, Researchers Madeleine Berry, Patricia Becker and Georgia Harbison were detailed to sound out the mood and reaction of the citizenry. Other correspondents covered angry strikers' meetings, interviewed businessmen and bankers, Post Office, Government and union officials, letter carriers and clerks. Correspondent Rudolph Rauch had a special interest in the strike's early settlement. "I'm in the National Guard, and if it's not over soon I may be out on the streets delivering letters myself."

Even in the best of times, communication of any sort tends to be a chancy matter in Southeast Asia. This week's story of the coup in Cambodia posed its full share of problems for TIME's correspondents. By good fortune, we already had T.D. Allman, who is normally stationed in Laos, on the scene, but he was in Phnom-Penh, the Cambodian capital, in the wake of anti-Communist riots the week before. The problem was how to get his

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CLARK IN THE FIELD

eyewitness report out of the country, since all communications were immediately cut. Allman solved that by giving his file to a messenger who somehow drove to Thailand. Later, Allman was able to telex and telephone his material—that is, when the gremlins were off the wires. In Saigon, Bureau Chief Marsh Clark, who coordinated the reports from Cambodia, Laos, Thailand and South Viet Nam, reported that telex communications even between such major centers as Bangkok and Saigon were “so bad that for a time they looked like a drunken man’s version of the Rosetta stone.” Bangkok Bureau Chief David Greenway, who filed exclusively on the political implications of the coup, reported the same trouble from his end, as did Correspondent Robert Anson, working on the story in Vientiane, Laos. At one point Anson noted that he had managed to set up a private minibureau for TIME in an abandoned airline office near his hotel. “It has a chair, a desk, a telephone and a rat, but we call it home,”

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TIME

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

First Veto

Not once had the U.S. exercised its veto in the United Nations Security Council. Though the Soviet Union has voted "nyet" 105 times, it was implicit American policy to use the veto only in grave emergencies.

Thus it was curious that the U.S. last week cast its first U.N. veto against a resolution, supported by a majority of the Security Council, that would have condemned Britain for refusing to use military force to unseat the white minority government of Rhodesia.

The resolution was probably unwise; if Britain had indeed gone into Rhodesia with troops, some U.N. members might have made a reverse charge of outside interference. Also, Britain herself vetoed the resolution, making U.S. rejection unnecessary. The Administration has already closed the U.S. consulate in Rhodesia and has committed itself to the principle of black majority rule there. But in the Security Council, the U.S. gave an impression that it was retreating a step or two from the principle of black African self-government. In any case, the U.S. has now lost whatever purity went with avoiding the obstructionist's tool, the veto.

Entrepreneurial Witchcraft

One of the more arcane side effects of the Viet Nam War is being demonstrated in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas. There, more than 100 witches and border spiritualists have a booming business charging Mexican-American families as much as \$500 to keep their sons out of the Army by hexing the draft boards.

One such entrepreneurial witch, Madame Azteca, lives just across the border in the Mexican town of Reynosa. In one room of her shack, she works her magic sitting before two enormous, bubbling cauldrons, with mysterious colored powders arrayed on shelves behind. On the floor is a brilliant \$500 red carpet—a payment from the Yturria family, whose only son Tony faced the gringo's draft two years ago. The witch tried her spells and powders on Tony's behalf, but he was inducted anyway. "The spirits just wouldn't cooperate," said Madame Azteca.

The parents held their faith nonetheless. Madame Azteca told them that if they would buy her an electric guitar, she would intercede with the spirits for Tony's safe return from Viet Nam. Now home, safe and sound, Tony is content. "I got back, didn't I?" he says.

Closed Communes

Part of the hippie ethic that evolved during the '60s was a communal warmth, the idea of an open and sharing brotherhood. But sometimes there just isn't enough to share. The 2,500 hippies who live in 16 pastoral communes around Taos, N. Mex., have begun slamming doors on newcomers. "When a transient arrives looking for a place to crash," says one communitarian, "we send him to a motel. We aren't even telling him how to get to the communes."

Already the communes are in sullen—and occasionally violent—conflict with the Taosenos. The prospect of a spring and summer invasion of new hippies has prompted local residents to form vigilante groups. Besides, an abnormally light winter snowfall ensures water shortages for the summer. Commune crops will be scarce. "If those kids show up here this summer," says one member of a commune in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, "we'll be the straights. We'll throw them out."

Feeling Unloved

For months, the Chrysler Corp. has been peddling its Dodges with a series of television ads in which a paunchy, cigar-chomping sheriff tells a Dodge dealer: "You in a heap o' trouble, boy!" Ohio State Highway Patrol Superintendent Robert Chiaramonte was not amused. He wrote to Chrysler complaining that the ads "portray the police officer in a most objectionable manner and tend to weaken the court process of America." Getting no immediate answer, Chiaramonte began exploring ways to halt the state's purchase of Plymouth patrol cars, also manufactured by Chrysler. Suddenly the company became very sympathetic to Chiaramonte's position, though it insisted that it had planned to change the commercials anyway.

There have been other examples lately, demonstrating how people in authority have grown sensitive about spoofing. The Army and Air Force Motion Picture Service, for example, has banned the film *M*A*S*H*, an admittedly gory burlesque of war, from service installations. It is difficult to imagine that anything can be done to relieve such unremitting solemnity. Satire that evokes so strong a reaction may be rough on the target, but it usually contains at least a few grains of truth. To argue that, however, only increases official outrage. The basic problem is that some police and military brass are probably feeling unloved these days.



PICKETING IN ST. PAUL





MAIL PILING UP IN NEW YORK



POSTAL WORKERS OUTSIDE MAIN NEW YORK OFFICE AFTER STRIKE CALL

THE STRIKE THAT STUNNED THE COUNTRY

Nobody ever notices postmen somehow. Yet they have passions like other men, and even carry large bags where a small corpse can be stowed quite easily.

—G.K. Chesterton

SO invisible were the docile, dependable men in gray until last week that no one noticed that their passions were about to explode into a historic and ominous strike. The first national postal stoppage in U.S. history and the largest walkout ever against the Federal Government, the postal strike almost immediately began to strangle the operations of commerce, impair Government functions and vastly inconvenience the public. It was also an acutely painful symptom of the fragility of the institutions that are crucial to the nation's orderly functioning. It could well set a new pattern of ruinous civil service strikes.

The wildcat movement erupted with such suddenness that Congress, the Administration and the leadership of seven postal unions were unable to move promptly or effectively to get the men back on their jobs. Union and Administration officials conferred in Washington at the end of last week, but the illegal strike, which started in New York City, quickly spread to surrounding areas and gradually began marching north to New England and westward across the country, hitting Akron, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Dearborn, St. Paul, Detroit, Denver and San Francisco—and many smaller communities between. By week's end the strike had either shut down or curtailed service in more than 30 major cities, and was still spreading.

Postmaster General Winton Blount could only move to lessen the strike's effects, not to end the walkout. Mail destined for affected cities was embargoed, and began piling up by the ton. Mail-

boxes were ordered sealed. Jailing workers or union officials, a weapon allowed by statute, promised only a tauter confrontation. A court order barring the strike was ignored by the rank and file, who courted contempt citations.

A late-week agreement between Labor Secretary George Shultz and a group of union leaders headed by James Rademacher, head of the National Association of Letter Carriers, promised a back-to-work movement in exchange for negotiations on a wage increase. Rademacher himself sent telegrams urging strikers to abide by the agreement. "Public wrath shall replace support" if workers stay out, he warned. "Reason must prevail." But the strikers hooted down their leaders. For them, money is the crucial issue. Embittered by what they consider their subsistence-level pay (\$6,176 to start, \$8,442 after 21 years), they resisted—at least over the weekend—all attempts of the leadership to impose discipline.

President's Statement

Postmaster General Blount at first seemed to rule out any attempt to coerce the unions or use the National Guard or the Army to move mail. Later, the Government's attitude hardened. At week's end President Nixon broke four days of silence to vow: "I will meet my constitutional obligations to see to it that the mails will go through." He did not say how, but his statement, "We have means to deliver the mail," strongly hinted at a call-out of troops.

Themselves surprised by their newfound militancy, and having already risked their jobs and pensions by defying the federal antistrike laws, the postal workers were determined to justify the hazard by making the most of their action. "We're used to hard times," said one striker, and few of his fellow workers would disagree. Union meetings re-ounded with obscenities aimed at Rademacher, Richard Nixon and everyone

else urging a truce. Gustave Johnson, president of the letter carriers' Manhattan Branch 36, where it all started, asked for compliance without really expecting it. "For the first time these men are standing ten feet tall instead of groveling in the dust," he said. "By this action, we have graduated from an organization to a union."

This feeling of union brotherhood became evident when postal local leaders from across the country met with Rademacher in Washington after the conference with Shultz. The local labor chiefs promised a nationwide strike unless Congress, the guardian of the postal system, committed itself to action on pay and other issues.

After just a few days of stoppage, and with parts of the system still operating, the effects of the shutdown appeared to be little short of devastating. The nation's postal system handles 270 million pieces of mail a day and moves everything from bank drafts to draft notices. Census questionnaires were scheduled to go out to every American family this week. No Government agency or business—and few individuals—could escape the impact of the mail strike. Postal service, once taken for granted, suddenly affected everyone by its absence.

The disruption visited on the New York area provided a frightening blueprint of what the rest of the country could expect if the strike lasted. The New York Post Office handles 35 million pieces of mail daily, more than all of Belgium. Many of the country's largest corporations are headquartered in the city; most depend upon the mails for conducting their business. Paychecks destined for branch offices were frozen. The strike, which was 100% effective in halting deliveries in the city, prevented banks, insurance companies and Government offices from sending out bills or receiving payments. Consolidated Edison, which disburses and receives



POSTMASTER GENERAL BOUNT
Only limited options.

\$3,000,000 a day, had no money coming in, none going out.

On Wall Street, checks, stock certificates, bonds and the other financial papers that are the lifeblood of the world's busiest stock exchange failed to arrive, hampering business and forcing officials of the New York Stock Exchange to consider a market shutdown if the strike continued much longer. Mail-order houses and periodicals that depend primarily on subscriptions were immediately damaged. The garment industry, which deals heavily in mail orders demanding immediate filling, was also disrupted. The telephone and telegraph became ever more valuable, but telephone facilities in New York were already taxed to capacity before the strike started. How much extra strain they could absorb was uncertain. Department stores, some of which get 85% of their accounts receivable through the mail, were cut off from their major sources of cash.

Enjoyable for Some

The strike also affected the lives of millions of individuals. Poet W.H. Auden fretted about his passport, which might not reach him in time for a scheduled April 1 departure for Israel. A young divorcee about to leave on vacation was upset because the strike prevented her child-support payment from reaching her on time. To others, the strike brought welcome relief from business pressures. "It's wonderful not to receive any mail," said an editor employed by a New York publishing firm. "For the first time in years, I've been able to clear my desk." Critic Dwight Macdonald lamented a missing check and a manuscript stalled somewhere in the pipeline, but he concluded: "It's really rather nice not getting any mail, particularly all the mail I get soliciting for various causes."

New York City's 1,000,000 welfare recipients, however, were unaffected by the strike—so far. Public-assistance checks were posted earlier in the month, and most were delivered just before the stoppage got under way. The Wel-

fare Department planned to distribute future checks to the city's welfare centers for pickup there. If the strike continues, pensioners expecting Social Security payments early in April will have to do without. Other examples of the hardship caused by the strike:

► The Defense Department estimated that more than 500 tons of mail destined for U.S. military personnel and their families round the world were already tied up. One of those thus affected was Mrs. Donna Fyler, 22, a magazine writer whose husband Peter is serving with the Air Force in Viet Nam. "Every story you read in the paper tells of his base being blown up," said she. "It was only from the letters that I knew he was alive and well."

Due to meet her husband in Hawaii this week, she feared that she would not get the necessary papers if the strike continued. Worse, she says, "I wouldn't know where to meet him."

► Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital reported a backup in mail applications for admission to nursing homes. That forced some patients ready for discharge to remain in the hospital and prevented new patients from coming in.

► Said an elderly lady who lives at Manhattan's Beacon Hotel: "I live on my

stock dividend checks and I'm expecting some right now. If this goes on for much longer, I'll just have to start dipping into my savings."

► Patients at New York's Park Terrace Nursing Home received no letters from families or friends. Said Henry W. Jacov, manager of the home: "I don't think people realized how much the post office really meant until the strike. Yesterday one of our old people had a birthday anniversary and didn't get a single card. Usually there aren't that many cards—maybe three or four—but they mean a lot."

► Supervisory personnel at New York's General Post Office found themselves taking care of live chicks and frogs stranded by the strike.

► A Florida firm that trucks gift packages of citrus fruits to New York for mailing to save postage was unable to dispose of its merchandise. Asked what would happen to such perishable goods, William Carroll, deputy director for the New York postal region, shrugged: "It will just have to perish."

► Some 9,000 young men in the New York area got a temporary reprieve from the draft. New York's local draft boards, unable to send out their traditional greetings because of the strike,

PETER STAFFORD is distinctly out of character as a striker in violation of federal law, a court injunction and union orders. A New York letter carrier for 23 years, he is an Army veteran who is active in church affairs and the Boy Scouts. He is ordinarily a law-abiding, responsible citizen; in his life there have been no riots or violent demonstrations. Yet last week Stafford was willingly risking his job and pension rights—and flirting with a jail sentence and fine. In a mood as angry as the angriest militant's, he declared: "Our Government shows that the only way to get any action is to go out on strike. The only way they appreciate people is when they give a little action. Look at the riots in the colleges."

Stafford makes only \$8,030 a year, well below the \$11,236 that the Federal Government says a family of four needs to maintain a "moderate" living standard in New York. Stafford's is a family of six. Like many other Post Office men, he moonlights. Sometimes he is a bartender, sometimes a chauffeur. "I can't afford not to strike," the husky Stafford says. "I owe it to my family to provide them with a decent living."

The Staffords do not live in dire poverty, but they have few comforts and no spare cash. Home is in an old building in the Kingsbridge section of the Bronx, where Stafford, 43, and his wife Geraldine, 33, grew up. The Staffords live three flights up in a tiny, four-room apartment. Scatter rugs cover the linoleum floors. There are only

One Letter

two closets, so toys and clothes are piled everywhere. The kitchen is jammed with dishes and drying laundry. In the living room, there is a card table—bought with trading stamps—where the family eats.

Sleeping is jammed; Stafford and his wife have one bedroom, their son and three daughters share the other. Stafford's pay, after deductions, comes to \$230 every two weeks. Rent is \$110



STAFFORD FAMILY

delayed physical examinations and inductions scheduled for April 5 to 20 for at least a week. This did not really rate as much of a hardship.

The strike tested the ingenuity and determination of many of those affected. Some firms, like the National Broadcasting Co., shipped their mail to areas where postmen remained on the job. Many turned to Western Union. "It's terrible," said John Blasi, assistant manager of a Times Square office, as he watched clerks who normally handle 800 telegrams a day write out the 2,000th by 11 a.m. "We can't handle it."

The strike proved to be an unexpected bonanza for a handful. Arnold Bloom, of Manhattan, who transmits documents by facsimile machines to 31 centers in the U.S. and Canada, was besieged with requests to send everything from electrocardiograms to copies of Securities and Exchange Commission rulings. One physician requested the medical records of an American hospitalized in Europe. Messenger services thrived. New York City's Fleet Messenger Service, which normally handles 3,000 deliveries a day, had orders for 4,000 before noon on the first day of the strike. Another firm used the strike as an opportunity to go into the business of private mail de-

livery. It picked up more than 100,000 letters at 10¢ plus postage, trucked them out of New York and mailed them.

A New Jersey lawyer, unable to mail necessary papers to the courthouse, telephoned the judge who was handling his case and explained what he wanted to do. Then he called the opposing lawyer, who in turn called the judge to confirm receipt of the message. In Paterson, N.J., police divided up a stack of court orders and delivered them in patrol cars. "The absence of mail is vexatious," said Passaic County Judge Vincent Duffy, "but it won't stop the courts. Thank God for the telephone and the automobile."

The postal workers, of course, feel that they have been inconvenienced and deprived for years. For one thing, their salary scales are the same across the country. A letter carrier in New York, the nation's second most expensive city, gets no more than his counterpart in Butte, Mont., where living costs are lower. The workers seek a salary schedule that starts at \$8,500 and goes to a top scale of \$11,700 after five years. They also want broader retirement benefits and Government assumption of the costs of their pension plan, which now comes out of their pay.



UNION CHIEF RADEMACHER
Little short of devastating.

Congress, enmeshed in both the pay question and the issue of renovating the whole postal system, displayed no interest in acting quickly.

The House Post Office and Civil Service Committee reported out a measure that provided for 98% of the postal workers a hike of 5.4% retroactive to October 1969, plus an average 6% raise for all federal employees, including the mailmen, early in 1970. The House passed the bill and sent it along to the Senate. There, according to union officials, "it was emasculated." The Senate amended it so that it provided a raise of only 4% for all federal employees earning less than \$10,000 annually. House and Senate conferees never met on the bill, and it passed into legislative limbo at the end of the congressional session.

Pay Raises

Meanwhile, union restlessness was growing. Last July, postmen received a 4.1% pay increase as part of a two-year-old package. But the carriers and clerks, viewing their pay raise in the light of the 41% hike that Congressmen had voted for themselves the previous February, were infuriated rather than satisfied. Government employees generally were scheduled to receive another small raise this July 1. As an anti-inflation measure, however, the Nixon Administration proposed deferring that increment for six months.

Nor were postal workers placated by Nixon's plan for postal reform. The Administration was committed to a plan developed in 1968 by a ten-man Commission on Postal Organization headed by Frederick Kappel, former board chairman of American Telephone and Telegraph Co. The plan recommended abolition of the Cabinet-rank position of Postmaster General and the creation of a Government-owned corporation with power to set postage rates with congressional approval (see box page 14).

Fearing loss of their civil service status and diminution of their leverage in Congress, the unions opposed the

Carrier's Life

a month, and there are other expenses; his son Peter is being treated for an eye condition at \$24.60 a week. Stafford pays \$11.50 every four weeks for medical insurance, but it does not cover the boy's condition. There are a few amenities: a washing machine, for which they saved ten years and bought on sale, a color television set won in a church raffle, and Jingles, a poodle they got as a gift from a family friend.

KEN REGAN-CAMERA 8



DINING AT HOME

Stafford's day begins at 5 a.m. He must be at the Washington Bridge post office, twelve minutes away by subway, at 6. First he sorts, or "boxes up," the mail for his route. Regulations say that the bag he carries can weigh a maximum of 35 lbs.; usually it is a little lighter. His 18-block trek takes him to 1,100 mailboxes. He enjoys the job, and knows many of the residents he serves. "I like to talk to people," he says. "It's nice in the summertime." For lunch, he gets 30 minutes. His normal day is eight hours. As a time-clock employee, he gets overtime for putting in more than 40 hours a week.

Even with overtime, the Staffords always seem to end up owing. "I never can make the money go," said Mrs. Stafford. "We always run out about three days before his next paycheck. I used to swear he was spending it on the side until we sat down and went over all our expenses."

When buying food and clothing, the Staffords hunt for bargains. "I buy stew meat or something that will last more than one meal," she says. Other times, "you give things up." Their children go to a Roman Catholic school where tuition is still free. Social life is simple, revolving mostly around the Church of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Dinner out is rare. "I have a dream for my family," Mrs. Stafford says, "for us all to go away somewhere to the beach or the country for a week's vacation together." In their 13 years of marriage, the Staffords have never had a family holiday.

Kappel plan. So did a good many Congressmen, who were apprehensive that such a plan would deprive them of their patronage power. Moreover, the postal unions are the largest and most politically active civil service bloc and, though their vote power has not resulted in high wages, they still influence many Congressmen. Nixon indicated, however, that he would veto any postal-pay bill that did not include creation of a postal corporation. To resolve the impasse, he called in Rademacher and they agreed on a bill that the letter carriers could support. But other postal unions—the clerks, mail handlers and expressmen—rejected the plan, breaking the unions' once solid front and giving Congress another excuse to go slowly.

Union Revolt

The delay drove the unions to the brink of revolt. "Those bastards took little enough time to vote themselves a 41% pay increase," said a postal worker. "Why should they take longer to give us 8%?" Stamping their feet and clapping their hands, members of Branch 36 broke up their December meeting with raucous cries of "Strike! Strike!" Their mood frightened union officials. "We were no longer in control," said Executive Vice President Herman Sandbank.

In an attempt to impress Congress with the seriousness of the situation, New York union officials traveled to Capitol Hill again last month. Said Sandbank: "We were there to convince the Congressmen and the national [union] president that we were not playing games and that there would be a strike unless we got the legislation that would satisfy [our members]." Their attempt was unsuccessful. Earlier this month, the Post Office Committee reported out still another bill providing the mailmen with a 5.4% increase retroactive to January. The men were unhappy with the amount. They were further irked by the announcement that Congress would take no action on the bill for three or four weeks. "This was the spark that set them on fire," said Sandbank.

The fire was soon out of control. An angry call for an immediate strike vote was ruled unconstitutional, and balloting on the question was put off until St. Patrick's Day. Then, as thousands of their fellow New Yorkers watched the marchers on Fifth Avenue, the letter carriers marched to the ballot boxes and voted 1,555 to 1,055 in favor of a strike. Other locals quickly followed suit. Members of the Manhattan-Bronx Postal Union chased their president, Morris Biller, off the platform when he refused to allow them to take an immediate strike vote.

The rapidly spreading walkout placed the Government in a difficult position. Dependent upon Congress for his department's funds, Blount could not have bargained with the strikers even if he had wanted to. Congress adamantly

The Enduring Mail Mess

ONE mailman compared the postal strike to a volcano. In its sudden fury, the stoppage that began last week was indeed cataclysmic, but labor trouble has been only one of the latent threats to the mail service. The Post Office Department has long suffered from deteriorating facilities, a chaotic financing method and archaic approaches to both moving mail and administering the organization.

There have been ample warnings of impending collapse in recent years. Mail service in Chicago broke down during the 1963 Christmas season. Three years later, the Chicago post office simply ground to a halt for nearly three weeks under a glut of 10 million letters and packages. Even first-class letters can take several days to travel a few miles—or even blocks—whereas overnight service used to be taken for granted. Last July, a rash of sick calls at one post office in The Bronx produced what was, in effect, a strike.

In 1968, the President's Commission on Postal Organization declared that each year the Post Office "slips farther behind the rest of the economy in service, in efficiency and in meeting its responsibilities as an employer." The commission, headed by former A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick R. Kappel, cited among the Post Office's top problems "widespread disquiet among postal employees" because of "antiquated personnel practices, poor working conditions, limited career opportunities and training."

The American postal service seems less reliable and slower than those of many other nations—even some underdeveloped ones—but no other nation's system handles anywhere near the 82 billion pieces of mail processed each year in the U.S. The U.S. Post Office, with 725,000 workers, is the Government's largest civilian agency. Three-quarters of its \$7.13 billion budget goes for salaries and employee benefits. Yet, the Kappel commission said, "hiring, discipline, promotion and grievance procedures have not been changed over the last few decades."

The figures bear out the commission's findings. Advancement is rare. About 85% of all postal employees are in the five lowest grades, and more than four-fifths finish their careers in the same grade as they started. The Post Office has difficulty holding on to personnel, suffering an annual turnover of 23%. Yet because of red tape, it takes at least 13 weeks to hire a new employee; two-thirds of the applicants do not wait that long.

The caliber of employees is declining. During the Depression, the benefits of civil service attracted many capable applicants, most of whom were retired by the late 1960s. Since World War II, the lure of security has diminished. Prosper-

ity in the private sector has siphoned off the kind of workers that once flocked to take civil service examinations. One result: In New York, 900 Post Office jobs are now going begging.

The postal system also suffers from poor management. Until recent years, most supervisory jobs were filled by political preference, and even today local clubhouses have a voice in distributing key posts. Postal rates, wages and the location of facilities are determined not by Post Office officials but by Congress. Decisions are often made with politics rather than efficiency in mind.

When he took over as Postmaster General in 1965, Lawrence O'Brien noted that the department's research facilities were more suited to the needs of the 1880s than today. The Kappel commission found that mail handling has changed little in the past century. The unions have continually fought mechanization, and Congress has never provided sufficient funds for it. Rates have been kept relatively low, and Congress has not acted on the Administration's latest request for an increase. This puts the Post Office in the position of seeming to be a chronic debtor. Since 1838, revenue has met costs in only 17 years. The difference comes from the Treasury. Present deficits total \$1.5 billion a year.

Meanwhile, the system's physical plant has been decaying. A great many post offices were built in the great construction push of the 1930s, and are poorly conceived and situated for modern needs. Backlogged capital requests total \$5 billion.

Last May, President Nixon said: "Total reform of the nation's postal system is absolutely essential." He and Postmaster General Winton Blount, like O'Brien before them, proposed that the Post Office be taken out of the Government and set up as an autonomous corporation. It would be owned by the Government but free from direct political pressure. The corporation would have the power to set postal rates, subject to a congressional veto, raise capital and negotiate salaries. It would aim at being self-supporting by 1976. Nixon folded into the proposal his previously announced plans to remove postmaster and rural-letter-carrier appointments from politics.

The proposal, previously suggested by the Kappel commission, ran into strong opposition in Congress and among the postal unions. But intensive Administration lobbying and a White House promise to include binding arbitration got the bill reported out of the House Post Office Committee earlier this month, and prospects for passage by Congress have improved. The entire Government must share the blame for the strike; now there is greater incentive to support basic alterations of the system.

refused to legislate under the club of a strike, and many postal workers were unwilling to back down without a guarantee of congressional action.

Finally, there seemed to be some yielding. Rademacher met for 24 hours with Secretary Shultz, and the Government agreed to begin discussions on all of the issues as soon as the men went back to work. Senator Gale McGee, chairman of the Senate Post Office Committee, agreed to consider postal pay raises as part of a general salary bill covering all federal employees, but refused to take any action while mailmen remained on strike. Said McGee: "I will not discuss any pay legislation that rewards only those workers who walk out on the American people in a wild-cat strike." Rademacher was satisfied with the deal, confident that he could sell it to postal union officials.

His confidence proved unjustified. Local officers, gathered in the green-and-gold ballroom of Washington's Continental Hotel, were determined to remain out until their demands were granted. Branding the agreement a "sellout," they finally accepted it only after adding a condition of their own. If no agreement is reached on the salary question by the end of this week, Rademacher would have to call a national work stoppage.

Even that failed. In a display of impatience with both Congress and their own leadership, some 3,000 members of Chicago's N.A.L.C. Branch 11 shouted down pleas from union officers to remain on their jobs and voted overwhelmingly to strike. The resistance spread quickly. Postal units in Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, San Francisco and several Los Angeles suburbs voted either to continue walkouts already in effect or initiate new ones. At a tumultuous Saturday morning meeting, New York's N.A.L.C. Branch 36, which had started it all, voted almost unanimously to remain off the job.

Strike Vote

The outcome of the vote was never in doubt. A noisy ovation greeted Branch Chief Johnson as he entered the hall. Waiting for silence, Johnson read the letter carries the Administration's proposal, only to be interrupted by angry shouts as he explained that the strikers must go back to work before discussions could begin. "My brothers," he declared, "these are not my words. This is what has been offered." A union lawyer attempted to explain the terms of the injunction barring the walkout, but his voice was lost in the carriers' chorus of catcalls. Putting the matter to a vote, Johnson also placed himself in the forefront of his union's battle for higher wages. Said he: "Your voice is loud and clear. And I will lead you."

No less predictable was the strike vote taken by the Manhattan-Bronx Postal Union. Union members waiting to vote in the day-long balloting raised

a cheer when the N.A.L.C. decision was announced. Before the day was over, they, too, had voted to strike.

Their defiance brought a prompt response from the President. Nixon acknowledged that the postmen had legitimate grievances, but he declared that the Government would not negotiate so long as the illegal walkout continued. Though the President promised to get the mail delivered this week, he did not spell out how. But the tone of his remarks and the flurry of activity at the Pentagon left the strong impression that he would mobilize Army or National Guard units if necessary.

Presidential Authority

Though the Supreme Court decision in the Government's 1952 seizure of the steel industry affirms the broad powers of both the President and Congress to deal with strikes in private industries that affect the public welfare, the law is less clear concerning Government employees. President Truman's 1946 plan to draft striking railroad workers was never tested; the strikers went back to work before Congress could act. The President needs no authority but his own to call out either the National Guard or the Army. It is doubtful, however, if troops would be very effective. Though the Army has its own postal operation to handle mail for servicemen, few soldiers have any experience in the complex task of operating a postal system. In addition, the presence of troops, technically acting as strikebreakers, increases the possibility of violence in a strike that was peaceful in its initial phase.

The Government also applied pressure to the unions from another quarter. Shortly after the strike vote, Johnson and other officers of N.A.L.C. Branch 36 were ordered to appear in court to show cause why they should not be held in contempt of the antistrike injunction. The Government is asking that the officials be fined \$1,000 each for the first day of the strike, \$2,000 for the second and progressively increasing amounts for subsequent days. It is also asking that the union be penalized on a similar scale, its fine starting at \$10,000.

While raising many practical and legal questions, the postal strike also underscores the helplessness of government in the face of organized, even if non-violent, lawlessness. It also points up the growing tendency on the part of individuals and special interests to press their demands despite the havoc wrought on the community, and demonstrates the deterioration of discipline that has become a major challenge to U.S. society in recent years. In spite of state and local laws forbidding such actions, strikes by public employees have spread like an epidemic throughout the nation.

The Government's effectiveness—or lack of it—in halting the postal walkout could thus determine whether other federal employees decide that the way



POSTMAN IN CALIFORNIA RAIN
Passions like other men.

to a pay raise is through the picket lines.

The dilemma is a complex one. While postal workers—and many other public employees—are undeniably underpaid, government's first obligation is to protect the economy and maintain essential public services. The right to strike is an important weapon in labor's arsenal. But strikes against government—whether local, state or federal—not only endanger society but also weaken popular confidence in government and ultimately degrade the government itself.

Unfortunately, nothing has been devised so far to prevent them. New York's tough Taylor Law, which provides heavy fines and jail terms for striking public employees, failed to prevent New York City's garbage collectors or schoolteachers from walking off their jobs. Ohio's law calling for the dismissal of every public employee who goes on strike has proved equally ineffective. Ohio had more than two dozen strikes—involving police, nurses, city service employees and teachers—in a recent one-year period.

Federal law is equally strict, and equally unenforceable. Chapter 73 of the Federal Code prohibits federal employees from even advocating the right to strike, but the antistrike laws are rarely invoked. "You can't jail thousands of workers," said a Post Office spokesman of last week's walkout. Indeed, most strike settlements contain provisions prohibiting the punishment of strikers. Nor, without stiffening worker resistance or running the risk of triggering a sympathy strike, can officials jail strike leaders.

What, then, can a government do to see that its laws are obeyed and essential services maintained? The answer seems to lie not in punishment but in the provision of practical alternatives to work stoppages. One obvious alternative is the adoption of realistic pay scales and desirable working conditions. Another is the development of machinery capable of preventing deteriorating government-employee relations from reaching the strike stage. Such machinery might include fact finding, mediation, conciliation and, when all else fails, compulsory arbitration that binds both the government and the union. As with other forms of protest, there must be means short of a test of raw strength to settle arguments. Most important, those means must enjoy the confidence of the workers and the public if they are to have any chance of working.

Meanwhile, the costly postal strike continued to raise havoc with the nation's economy and inconvenience its citizens. Members of the striking unions have shown that, like Chesterton's postmen, they share the same passions as other men, particularly for a decent wage. Until they go back to work, however, the corpse that they carry in their mailbags can only be that of the public interest.

THE WAR

Miasma of My Lai

At first the accusations concerned only overt acts: murder, assault, rape, maiming. Last week, however, the formal charges spawned by the 1968 My Lai massacre took a dramatic and basic turn. Fourteen Army officers, including two already accused of murder, were cited for what they did not do—for not reporting the atrocities to higher authorities or not telling the truth during a subsequent inquiry. Two of the accused are generals, one of whom, Major General Samuel Koster, was until last week superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

The Army made its charges on the basis of a 31-month investigation headed by Lieut. General William Peers. The probe was instituted to find out if there had in fact been a massacre and, if so, whether anyone had tried to hush



GENERAL KOSTER
Tragedy of major proportions.

it up. On the first point, General Peers said that his findings "clearly established that a tragedy of major proportions occurred there." On the second: "Certain individuals, either wittingly or unwittingly, by their action suppressed information from being passed up the chain of command." Of the total of 27 charges against the officers, 16 were for "failure to obey lawful regulations" or for "dereliction in the performance of duty."

Stony Visage. The announcement of the indictments came at a Pentagon briefing conducted by Army Secretary Stanley Resor. At his side stood General William C. Westmoreland, the American commander in Viet Nam at the time of My Lai and now Army Chief of Staff. His stony visage reinforced the impression that the Army indeed is convinced there was a massacre. It also bespoke the Army's determination to do everything possible to prove that it is now pressing the

investigation as vigorously as possible.

Among those charged last week were Captains Ernest L. Medina and Thomas K. Willingham, who were both already accused of murdering civilians at My Lai. A key man in the new proceedings is Colonel Oran K. Henderson, commander of the brigade to which Medina's company and the task force belonged. He reported to Koster that nothing out of the way had happened at My Lai.

The Army's intention to cast a wide net was demonstrated by the fact that only four of the 14 officers were primary links in the company-to-division command chain or were alleged participants in the massacre. The others, who might be considered peripheral figures, include: Brigadier General George H. Young Jr., Koster's assistant commander in the American Division; Colonel Robert B. Luper, an artillery commander; Colonel Nels A. Parson Jr., American chief of staff; Lieut. Colonels David C. Gavin and William D. Guinn, American advisers serving with the South Vietnamese; Major Charles C. Calhoun, executive and operations officer of the task force that had responsibility for the sweep through My Lai; Major Robert W. McKnight, operations officer at the brigade level; Major Frederic W. Watke, commander of a helicopter company; Captain Kenneth W. Boatman, an artillery forward observer, and Captain Dennis H. Johnson, assigned to an intelligence detachment. Some have been charged with lying to the Peers panel; all are accused, one way or another, of failing to report the massacre.

The central figure is General Koster himself, commander of the division in March of 1968. Regulations stipulate that a possible war crime be reported immediately up the chain of command. In this instance, says the Defense Department, citing the Peers report, there were division-level "failures to render required reports, conduct adequate investigations and otherwise discharge duties" appropriate to the situation. Such field investigations as there were resulted in no disciplinary action. Word of My Lai simply never got past American headquarters in Chu Lai.

Firm Jaw. In June of 1968, Koster became head of the Military Academy. One gray day last week he stood on the stone balcony in the academy mess hall. He bore himself impeccably—back straight, jaw firm, every graying hair in place. Below him waited the 3,700-man Corps of Cadets, including his son, Samuel W. Koster Jr. General Koster told them that "action has been initiated against me" arising from his Viet Nam tour and that he was resigning as superintendent "to separate the academy and you of the corps from the continuing flow" of adverse publicity.

A solid majority of cadets was behind Koster all the way. "He can't win, no matter what," said Senior Tom O'Meara. "His career simply wouldn't

have the same potential." Said Bob Wagner, another first classman: "He's supposed to be innocent until proven guilty, but he's being punished regardless of the outcome."

Meanwhile, the judicial proceedings are grinding on. Medina and Willingham will report to Fort McPherson, Ga. All of the others accused have been ordered to Fort Meade, Md., where First Army Commander Lieut. General Jonathan Seaman will direct formal investigations that may or may not lead to courts-martial.

THE HIGH SEAS

Mutiny by Ruse

As the S.S. *Columbia Eagle* plowed through the calm waters of the Gulf of Siam, the emergency whistle shrieked the signal that all seafarers dread: "Abandon ship!"

The merchant seamen did not have

Swann. An hour passed. Then the astonished men in the lifeboats saw smoke belch from the *Eagle's* stack, and the freighter took off at its top speed of about 19 knots. Some thought it had to be a bad joke. Only a few surmised the real truth: the *Columbia Eagle* had been taken over by mutineers; the abandon-ship signal had been a ruse.

The castoffs were lucky. They had plenty of food and water and, though they lacked a radio, they were in the middle of a trade route. Further, they knew that somewhere behind them was the S.S. *Rappahannock*, another bomb-laden freighter also bound for Thailand. As night fell, they spotted the lights of the *Rappahannock*, fired off five flares, and were eventually picked up.

Misty Motives. The *Rappahannock* tried all that night and next morning to make radio contact with the *Columbia Eagle*, but it was not until afternoon that the *Eagle* finally acknowledged. The

ed political asylum to McKay and Glatkowski. At week's end, the *Eagle* rode at anchor off Sihanoukville, still in Cambodian custody.

The communications and transportation freeze caused by the coup left much of the mystery intact. While their motives were misty, the alleged mutineers had much in common besides their home state. Both had servicemen fathers. Each of their mothers was divorced and had remarried another serviceman. McKay's mother, Mrs. Franklin Cave, refused to believe the story of the mutiny, saying: "That's the silliest thing I ever heard."

Familial opinion on Glatkowski was divided. His stepfather, Ralph Hagan, a retired Navy man, described Glatkowski as a "hippie-yippie who hated the police, the war in Viet Nam and the United States." In Long Beach Alvin's young wife, Florence, an expectant mother, maintained that "Alvin was not a hippie. He wore his hair moderately long. He didn't like the Viet Nam War and all that, but he could never have done what they say he did."

Interviewed by Keyes Beech of the *Chicago Daily News*, the rescued crewmen on the *Rappahannock* hooted at reports that McKay and Glatkowski might have acted out of political motives. One said that neither of them could tell "Marx from Lenin." The majority opinion was that both were high on pot, as they had been all through the voyage.

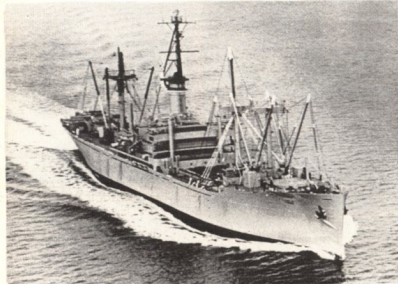
ARMED FORCES

The Next Marine Battle

At 9 a.m. on March 8, 1965, a 1,400-man force of the 9th Marines splashed ashore at Danang to become the first American ground-combat unit in South Viet Nam. The Communists were threatening to cut the country in two and the South Vietnamese army was collapsing. But that morning, the grunts in green met only rain, surf and a welcoming force of pretty girls. It was a placid preface to one of the bloodiest chapters in Marine Corps history.

Now the Marines are leaving Viet Nam. Earlier this month, the Corps' Third Amphibious force turned over command of I Corps, the northernmost sector of South Viet Nam, to the Army. Last week the 26th Marines, which earned fame and a Presidential Unit Citation at Iwo Jima, was withdrawn and returned to Camp Pendleton, Calif. There the regiment will be deactivated.

Critical Year. The transfer of command and the departure of the 26th symbolize the end of the Marines' role in Viet Nam. Marine strength there, once up to 86,700, will be reduced to 42,000 when the current phase of troop withdrawals is completed on April 15, and will eventually drop to 10,000. The withdrawal also signals a new battle for the Marines, whose future role is now being re-evaluated in the light of U.S. military needs and the Corps' showing in Viet Nam. Says Corps Commandant



S.S. "COLUMBIA EAGLE"
Cambodia or kingdom come.

to be urged twice. In the *Eagle's* hold were 4,525 tons of explosives, a mixed load of 500-lb. and 750-lb. preassembled napalm bombs consigned to U.S. Air Force units in Thailand. Secured on deck were 50 tons of live detonators. While the men, some in their skivvies, were tearing at the lifeboat covers and at work on the davits, Second Mate Robert Stevenson called to the bridge: "Is this for real?" Third Mate Herbert Gunn shouted down: "Cast off and stand clear. There's a live bomb aboard!"

Lucky Castoffs. Two lifeboats were launched and 24 crewmen tumbled into them. Only one boat had a functioning motor, so a line was passed to the other, and they pulled off a safe distance, about a mile from the ship. Inexplicably, no other boats joined them, which meant that 15 men were still aboard, including Captain Donald

radio operator said that the *Eagle* had been hijacked by two crew members, one of whom was then standing with a gun at the operator's head. What the mutineers intended, the operator did not know. A later message said that the pair "stated from the beginning that if the Cambodian government would not seize the vessel, they would scuttle it." The radioman gave the names of the hijackers: Clyde W. McKay, 25, of Escondido, Calif., and Alvin L. Glatkowski, 20, of Long Beach, Calif.

Last week, 24 hours after the takeover, the *Eagle* steamed into Cambodian territorial waters safe from the pursuing U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Mellon*, which had been ordered by Admiral John Hyland, commander of the Pacific Fleet, to observe her movements. Just before the *coup d'état* against Prince Norodom Sihanouk (see *WORLD*), Cambodia grant-

Leonard Chapman Jr.: "1970 has become the critical year of transition."

The Viet Nam performance has drawn mixed notices from both friends and critics of the Marines. Trained for amphibious assault and brief, intensive offensive action, the Marines instead were used for defensive purposes in the northern plains and hills. The decision still rankles many Leathernecks, who argue that they are an offensive team and should not have been sent in to conduct "a goal line stand." Army General William Westmoreland's decision to send the Marines into Khe Sanh also grates

fore the term became fashionable in Washington. They mixed Vietnamese Popular Forces and Leathernecks in Combined Action Platoons (CAPs) that not only helped to train local troops and improve security but also provided a model for the Army's Mobile Advisory Teams (MATs).

Still, the Marines depart with a sense of frustration and malaise, of leaving the job unfinished, of expending too much blood for too little gain. As an elite organization, the Corps has always been the target of Army jealousy and rivalry. "After every war they try to get

craft. Army men scoff at the idea. But few Army units maintain a Marine-like state of readiness, and none is stationed on ships around the world, ready to move anywhere, and fast. Nor can they be as easily deployed as the Marines. The 1834 Marine Corps law, which updates the 1798 act creating the Corps, declares that in addition to more routine military duties, the Marines "shall perform such other duties as the President may direct" and gives the Chief Executive wide discretion in their use.

Nixon Doctrine. The nation's developing foreign policy is another factor. Though it does not necessarily bind future administrations, the "Nixon Doctrine" declares that the U.S. will support its allies with air power, money and equipment. But it also says that, except in Europe, the U.S. will be slower and less likely to intervene on the ground in local emergencies than it was in Lebanon or the Dominican Republic. The National Security Council's still-secret outline of future American strategy, NSSM-3, sees the U.S. ultimately as a Pacific power only in the sea and air.

The debate leaves the Marines a unit in search of a mission, but a unit nonetheless. A 1952 law guarantees the Marines three combat divisions and three aircraft wings, and though Marine strength will shrink from its March 1969 level of 317,400 to below 200,000 as part of the general military cutback, the Corps itself will doubtless survive. Having fought heroically in some of the nation's fiercest battles, it has won the admiration of a vast number of Americans as well as powerful friends in Congress. Even if the U.S. in fact ceases to be "the world's policeman," it will still need a tough, seasoned force of firemen, if not cops, to protect American interests—and lives—abroad.



MARINES LEAVING VIET NAM
Mixed notices from friends and critics.

on the Corps. Ordered to defend the nearly encircled position "at all costs," the Marines held, losing 200 men before the eleven-week siege was lifted. They fared no better at Con Thien where they lost another 200 in a month.

Courage v. Cunning. Marine casualties in Viet Nam both dead and wounded stand at 97,500 compared with 87,000 in World War II and 28,000 in the Korean War. Because their ratio of combat to support personnel is high, and because they engaged North Vietnamese regulars on the enemy's border, their losses were proportionally higher than those of the Army. Lacking large helicopter forces to carry out the vertical envelopment tactics that they developed in Korea, the Marines often seemed immobile and old-fashioned, as if forced to substitute raw courage and tenacity for flexibility and cunning.

The Marines did perform well in important respects. The very fact that they were the first into Viet Nam was a tribute to their readiness. They leave I Corps' Popular Forces the best trained in the country. Further, they were in the business of rural pacification long be-

fore the term became fashionable in Washington. They mixed Vietnamese Popular Forces and Leathernecks in Combined Action Platoons (CAPs) that not only helped to train local troops and improve security but also provided a model for the Army's Mobile Advisory Teams (MATs).

The case against the Marines is based on this question: Does the U.S., now reducing its international profile and cutting its armed forces by 551,000, need a highly specialized force of shock troops? Some Army and Air Force men, concerned by what they consider Marine encroachment on their own areas, say no. The Navy is jealously eyeing the Marine Corps budget. A separate service, the Marine Corps accounts for only \$2.2 billion of the Department of the Navy's \$21.7 billion budget for fiscal 1971, and many Navy men would rather see the money spent on anti-submarine warfare to counter a growing Soviet naval buildup. Army and Air Force men argue that the Marines do nothing that their services could not do, given the proper equipment. On the other hand, Marine planners insist that the Corps is necessary to get the U.S. into hostile territory on short notice, using helicopters if not landing

THE SUPREME COURT A Seat for Mediocrity?

As the Senate last week began its long-awaited floor debate on President Nixon's latest choice for the Supreme Court, opponents and at least a few supporters of the nominee seemed agreed on one point: Judge G. Harrold Carswell is a mediocre choice. Far from denying it, Carswell's advocates almost claimed mediocrity as his prime qualification.

"Does it not seem that we have had enough of those upside-down, corkscrew thinkers?" Louisiana's Russell Long asked. "Would it not appear that it might be well to take a B student or a C student who was able to think straight, compared to one of those A students who are capable of the kind of thinking that winds up getting a 100% increase in crime in this country?" After Roman Hruska finished with it, the argument even had a certain logic—if somewhat upside down and corkscrewed. "There are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers," said the Nebraska Republican. "They are en-

titled to a little representation, aren't they? We can't have all Brandeises, Frankfurters and Cardozos."

Reserved Seat. With talk like that from his supporters, there was scarcely anything of substance that Carswell's opponents could add. There are, indeed, many mediocre people in the country, and perhaps they do feel under-represented on the court—though certainly not in the Congress. Before Abe Fortas' departure, there had been a "Jewish seat" on the court since Woodrow Wilson appointed Louis Brandeis in 1916. Under the Hruska doctrine, there might henceforth be a place reserved for mediocrities. On reflection, even Hru-

EDD WRIGHT



REPUBLICAN HRUSKA

At home in Alice in Wonderland.

ska, Carswell's chief sponsor in the Senate, realized that his reasoning was more at home in *Alice in Wonderland* than in the U.S. Senate. He let critics have the floor for most of the week.

He could afford to do so. While few Senators can find much to rave about in Carswell's record, fewer still can find enough to deny him their vote. Liberal Republicans who bucked Nixon on the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system and the nomination of Clement Haynsworth are loath to buck him again and must be shown something of a grave nature to deny him Carswell. Subjective criticism of his judicial talents, a 22-year-old racist speech, and other evidence of a segregationist past are considered insufficient reason to reverse the Senate tradition that a President is entitled to choose whom he wishes (*see Law*). "How far can you go in not supporting the Administration?" inquired Oregon Republican Mark Hatfield. "How many times can you vote against the ABM and Haynsworth and still be in the ball game?" Though opposition to Carswell has grown in the Senate, Republican leaders and Southern Democrats still count 55 solid yes votes—a figure that no one on the other side is prone to dispute.

POLITICS

Rites of Spring

Perhaps it was the arrival of the vernal equinox, or a phase of the moon. Whatever the cause, the political scene in the nation's two most populous states changed substantially last week as late bloomers rushed to file their candidacies.

► In New York, Arthur Goldberg reversed his ostensibly unalterable status of non-candidacy. He is available after all to oppose Governor Nelson Rockefeller's bid for a fourth term. With a long, distinguished career behind him—he was Secretary of Labor, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court and Ambassador to the United Nations—Goldberg, 61, could have had the Democratic nomination almost for the asking last December.

Now the Democratic race is crowded, with no fewer than five aspirants, several of them with impressive records of their own. Still, the Democrats are so eager to move into the executive mansion at Albany that their state committee is unlikely to turn down the one man who presently has a clear edge over the tarnished Rockefeller. If forced into a June primary, Goldberg would still be a heavy favorite. Perhaps the only thing that could seriously hurt his chances now is his Humphreyesque penchant for overtalk. If he were Governor now, Goldberg bragged last week, he could settle the postal strike singlehanded—though a Governor has absolutely nothing to do with the Post Office and no power to give or promise raises. "As Secretary of Labor, I came here and settled the tugboat strike," Goldberg said. "I'd settle this one."

► In California, Sam Yorty, mayor of Los Angeles, declared that he would enter the Democratic gubernatorial primary against Jesse Unruh, the party's leader in the state assembly. "The affairs of our great state," said Yorty, "should no longer be entrusted to inexperienced amateurs"—meaning Republican Incumbent Ronald Reagan—or given over to "extreme leftists and would-be dictators," meaning Unruh.

An effective if sometimes demagogic campaigner, and a maverick Democrat who supported Richard Nixon in 1960, Yorty is not expected to win the June primary. But he has a good chance to divide the party and diminish its already slim hopes. That spoiler role is his real goal, say his critics. Though Reagan has scarcely fulfilled, among other promises, his 1966 pledge to put down campus unrest, he has proved a masterly political animal. A recent state poll shows that 75% of the state's voters think that he has done a "good" or "fair" job.

► California also saw the entry of Norton Simon, a wealthy industrialist (Hunt's tomato products, among many others) and art collector (Rembrandt's *Titus*, for which he paid \$2,234,000 in 1965), into the Republican primary

against Senator George Murphy. Simon, 63, announced on the last possible day, surprising nearly everybody. Many had even assumed that he was a Democrat, since his money has aided Democrats—including Congressman John Tunney, who wants his own party's nomination for Murphy's seat.

A member of the board of regents of the University of California, Simon has fought Reagan's often simplistic proposals to put down dissent and has gained something of a liberal reputation. His views are probably too complicated, however, for any label. He said that he was against Murphy because Murphy's record is not capitalistic enough. "I think



NORTON SIMON ANNOUNCING CANDIDACY

Too complicated for a simple label.

it's institutionalized," he said. "It's protecting the past rather than looking to the future." For the moment, Simon said, his candidacy is merely symbolic—though "you never know what symbols can turn into."

Flight of the Byrd

Harry Byrd Sr. served one term as Virginia's Governor, five full terms as Senator, and for half a century ran the Old Dominion's Democratic Party as if it were a company town. Son Harry Jr., however, has had trouble controlling the legacy he received after his father's retirement in 1965 and death a year later. In 1969 Virginia Democrats rejected the Byrd machine's conservative gubernatorial candidate in favor of a moderate who ultimately lost to Republican Linwood Holton. Last week "Young Harry," 55, himself abdicated the Byrd throne that he had so tenuously held. He announced that he was leaving the Democratic Party and running for re-election to the Senate as "an independent Democrat."

Byrd's explanation was philosophical. Virginia's Democratic state central committee is requiring party candidates to sign a loyalty oath that binds them to support all Democrats running in the

next election, Byrd argued that the rule would force him to support men he did not know. Vowing that he "would rather be a free man than a captive Senator," he defected.

Out of Step. It appeared, however, that the Senator jumped to avoid the embarrassment of being pushed. "Byrd is the end of a dynasty of true conservatives," said one knowledgeable Senate aide. "His state is no longer conservative. Young Harry is out of step." No one seems to realize that better than Byrd himself. In 1966 he won the nomination to serve out his father's unexpired sixth term by only 8,200 votes. This year he faced determined Democratic opposition in the primary. His decision to defect removed him from a contest that he was likely to lose and assured him a place on the ballot for the general election in November.

Even there his chances are poor, and Byrd may well finish third in a three-way race. The Democrats, with powerful labor and civil rights support, are expected to make an all-out effort to defeat Byrd. The Republicans, who in the old days declined to waste effort by opposing Byrd *père*, are also planning a full-scale campaign for a seat that could tip the party balance in the Senate. Their move could effectively block any Byrd ambitions to pick up the G.O.P. nomination for himself.

Fun Prospect. Byrd may not be the only prominent Democrat to bolt the party this year. Mississippi's John Stennis is frequently mentioned as a possible crossover, a suggestion that he denies. Texas State Representative W.R. (Bill) Archer, elected as a Democrat in 1968, is already running for Congressman George Bush's seat as a Republican. But the man most likely to switch is Georgia's archsegregationist Governor Lester Maddox. Prevented by state law and a negative court ruling from seeking re-election, he has announced as a candidate for lieutenant governor. He is thinking of running as a Republican unless his own party pays more attention to him, but the national G.O.P. has done little to encourage his conversion. Democrats are delighted at the prospect of a Maddox switch. "Will we have fun when the time comes for White House endorsement of the Republican ticket in Georgia," says a Democratic Committee staffer. "Richard Nixon for Lester Maddox. Beautiful!"

Silent Proof. A handful of other Southern Democratic officeholders have switched to the G.O.P. in recent years, but a large migration does not seem imminent. Though many prominent Southern Democrats favor Republican policy on racial issues, most recognize that Republicans on the local level are still distrusted in the South as the party of the rich. Furthermore, none of those Democrats who now hold committee chairmanships are willing to risk them by switching, as did South Carolina's Strom Thurmond. Nor need they. South Carolina Democrat L. Mendel Rivers private-

ly favored Independent George Wallace over Hubert Humphrey in 1968. Instead of bolting, he let his constituents know exactly where he stood by keeping his silence—thus keeping his Armed Services Committee chairmanship as well.

THE WHITE HOUSE Enlivening the Gray

With the peculiarly keen insight of a man who for years was on the outside looking longingly in, Richard Nixon knows how much of a kick someone can get from spending a little time at the White House. Now that he can call the place his own, he has decided to share it; his welcome-mat policy has resulted in a record first-year total of 50,000 invited guests. They have been treated to an imaginative and varied

JIM WARR



WILLIAMSON & HOSTS
Finally able to share the place.

array of entertainment. While the Nixon White House probably will never exchange its basic gray for psychedelic Technicolor, it has already shown itself to be the perfect background for colorful splashes of wit and talent.

One of the brightest was painted last week by British Actor Nicol Williamson, who was invited to perform for 270 people at the third of the Nixons' "Evening at the White House" series. Williamson enthralled his audience with soliloquies and songs from Shakespeare, passages from *Death of a Salesman* and *Inadmissible Evidence*, and snatches of Robert Benchley, E.E. Cummings and William Butler Yeats. Then he led the dancing—music courtesy of The World's Greatest Jazz Band—in the State Dining Room. At one point the

multi-talented Williamson grabbed a trumpet and played a few bars; later on grabbed some of his guests by belting out, in his husky baritone, *I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby*. "This should be an evening that swung!" exclaimed Reveler Williamson. "We should all have fun and everybody get boozed. And I hope we don't wake the people upstairs." Meaning Dick and Pat, who, as usual, retired quietly soon after the formal program ended.

Wrighter's Cramp. In their surprisingly breathless first year, the First Couple has presided over 64 state and official dinners. There have been 116 receptions and 19 Sunday worship services (the dinner invitations remain the most sought-after in Washington these days). The White House calligraphy staff, responsible for designing and painstakingly inscribing every invitation, have perpetual wrighter's cramp. Those accepting the invitations (and few do not) have witnessed a tumble of talent: Duke Ellington and Andrew Wyeth, Isaac Stern and Leonard Bernstein, Bob Hope and Red Skelton, and the Broadway cast of 1776.

Hardly had the Williamson fete's bitter-enders left (at half past midnight) than Lucy Alexander Winchester, the petite and pretty White House social secretary, began fretting about the early-April state dinner for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Nor is that the only social sail on the horizon. Lucy seldom has the luxury of juggling only one dinner's china at a time; before the duke and duchess come a group of African ambassadors.

Not every soiree at the Executive Mansion has been an unqualified wow. Singer Robert Goulet was loud and uneven before Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau; reaction was mixed to Songstress Peggy Lee's performance for French President Pompidou. One night during Prime Minister Harold Wilson's visit, a black limousine rolled up to the front portico at the appointed hour. The Army heralds were ready. Out trilled *Rule, Britannia*. Out of the limo stepped Spiro Agnew.

Crisp Party. Still, most of it goes swimmingly, and with good reason: the President, says Lucy, "likes a crisp party." That means seating charts and chair counts, no photographers after the President's *Ruffles and Flourishes* arrival, smoothly flowing receiving lines. The hardest thing, says the social secretary, is "keeping the staff vertical and going at top performance, but people around here are pretty well trained."

That might well apply at the top too, for the Nixons are far removed from the quiet, dinner-alone first days in residence. Non-Swinger Nixon seems to tolerate and even to relish the hostile role he has assigned himself. No matter if the blast from below keeps the man upstairs awake for a while. He seems delighted to be able to gratify all those people who pine to spend an evening in the White House.

PROTEST

Memories of Diana

Bomb threats plagued the nation again last week, but very few bombs were going off. Nonetheless, the reverberations of recent blasts could still be heard. In Washington and in state capitals, officials were searching for new means to control dynamite and dynamiters. In Maryland, where two black militants died in bomb blasts, the trial of Rap Brown was moved once more to a new site as an indirect result of the explosions. In Manhattan, police picked carefully through the rubble of the West 11th Street house, where at least three people died. There, in the ruins, they found a severed finger, which enabled them to identify one of the victims as Diana Oughton, 28, a talented, idealistic girl whose turn to radicalism brought her in the end to a rebel bomb factory.

Most Americans find it difficult to grasp that some of the brightest and best-cared-for young are so enraged that they have opted for the nihilism of blowing up society. Diana Oughton's story provides some answers—and engenders some pessimism as well:

Diana was born on Jan. 26, 1942, and raised in Dwight (pop. 3,100), a town set in the prairie cornfields of northern Illinois. Her conservative, Episcopal family is one of the community's most prominent. Her paternal great-grandfather established the Keeley Institute for alcoholics. Her maternal great-grandfather, W.D. Boyce, founded the American Boy Scouts. James Oughton, 55, Diana's father, is a Dartmouth graduate and restaurateur. Diana and her three sisters were cherished and deeply loved. Said her father: "The social life in Dwight has never separated adults from children. Dinner was a family affair, and there was a pretty wide discussion all the way through."

Storybook Child. TIME Correspondent Frank Merrick met in Dwight last week with Oughton and one of Diana's sisters, Carol, 26, who now lives in Washington. At first, Jim Oughton was remarkably composed for a father who had just learned that his eldest child had been blown apart. He told of her storybook childhood, of how she became a good horsewoman and swimmer, played a social game of tennis, studied piano and the flute. Her father remembers Diana as "independent in her thinking. She always had her own ideas, and they were sound ideas." About what? "A picture she liked, the best way to treat an animal, which was the finest season of the year—almost anything."

Aware of the limitations of Dwight, Oughton sent Diana off to Madeira School in Greenway, Va., and Bryn Mawr. She spent her junior year at the University of Munich. It was at Bryn Mawr that Diana first showed an interest in social problems. Like many collegians, she was active in voter registration and tutored junior high school

students. At night she would go by train to Philadelphia, where for two years she tutored two ghetto boys. Said Carol: "I remember how incredulous Diana was that a seventh- or eighth-grade child couldn't read, didn't even know the alphabet." A Princeton football player proposed marriage, but Diana said: "I don't want to get married now. There are too many things to do."

During her year in Germany, Diana made the turn away from affluence that so often marks the contemporary young. She preferred a *Pension* to a luxury hotel, a bicycle to a taxicab. On a trip with her father, she carried a Michelin guidebook because, he recalled, she "didn't want to go to any of those places, she wanted to go to places unknown."

After graduating, Diana signed on



UGHTON (LEFT) & FRIEND

Always her own ideas about everything.

with the American Friends Service Committee, took a crash course in Spanish and was sent to Guatemala. Stationed in Chichicastenango, she taught Spanish to the local Indians, who were mostly limited to their native dialect. Her eyes widened at the vast poverty and the class hatred between the wealthy few and the impoverished many. She was particularly troubled that a regime she viewed as oppressive was so strongly supported by the U.S. But she was still willing to give the U.S. Establishment a chance.

Diana went on to the University of Michigan to earn a teaching certificate. This was the critical year of 1966, when U.S. students were being radicalized by the Viet Nam War. While at Ann Arbor, Diana joined the Children's Com-

munity School, an unstructured, permissive experiment in education for children from four to eight. There, she worked with Bill Ayers, son of the board chairman of Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co., and with Eric Mann—who later became luminaries of the Students for a Democratic Society. The school, operating on Great Society money, folded in 1968, when its funds were cut off.

Stormy Days. "It was about this time," said Jim Oughton, "that there was less and less communication between Diana and any of us. She'd call and we'd call. She'd be home briefly from time to time." Diana joined S.D.S., and she was in Chicago for the stormy days and nights of the Democratic Convention. Sometimes she would stop in Dwight. She brought Bill Ayers and other radicals, and she would talk politics with her father, defying the revolutionary's approach to social ills.

"That was one of the tense things we did. I was so eager to find out the rationale of her thinking and activities that I probably pressed her harder than I should have. It was a complete stalemate, and she would just change the subject. I deeply loved Diana, and I certainly didn't want to break the communication for the future. I felt that sooner or later there'd be a maturity of thinking, a change of thinking."

Oughton, losing his composure at last, said: "This is as much as we know. Anything that happened with Diana in the last two years we don't have information on." He did become convinced that Diana was "completely carried away." It was almost an intellectual hysteria. "The years unknown to her father were intensely political for Diana. When factionalism shattered S.D.S. in 1969, she and Bill Ayers joined the most radical, extreme, violence-prone faction, the Weathermen. She began to build an arrest record, once in Flint, Mich., for passing out pamphlets to high school students and again in Chicago in the Weathermen's 'days of rage' forays against the police. Detroit police say that Diana was present at the small, secret conclave of Weathermen last December in Flint, at which a decision was reportedly made to begin a bombing wave. As one of the leading activists, gifted and smoldering Diana Oughton went on to her death in Manhattan."

To people in Dwight, what happened to Diana seems to be news from another planet. As one elder explained: "There is no radicalism in Dwight. It was a contact she made outside of this town, and thank God, she didn't bring it back." Diana's father is equally puzzled, but absolutely sure of one thing: "Even though there is a big difference of opinion as to whether she's right or wrong, I'm sure that in her own heart she conscientiously felt she was right. She wasn't doing this for any other gain than—well—you might say the good of the world."

THE WORLD

DANGER AND OPPORTUNITY IN INDOCHINA

THROUGH the anguished years of the Viet Nam War, Cambodia and Laos have been strictly sidelines. Cambodia has almost entirely escaped the storm of steel that so far has cost the lives of an estimated 610,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops, 175,000 South Vietnamese troops, and more than 42,000 Americans—not to mention some 300,000 Vietnamese civilians. The conflict in Laos, though bloody enough, has not approached the scale of the war in Viet Nam. Now the situation is suddenly changing. Events in Laos and

called for—and got—help from U.S. and South Vietnamese forces. With the war continuing in South Viet Nam and with the North wrestling with the grave problems that have grown out of the conflict, all four states of Indochina were on the boil at the same time (see map).

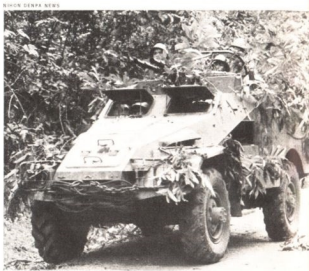
Privileged Sanctuaries

For some time, Laos and Cambodia have served as massive conduits for the flow of men and supplies from North Viet Nam to the southern battlegrounds. There is, of course, the spidery Ho Chi

ern Cambodia are the "Parrot's Beak" and the "Angel's Wing," where five Communist regiments operating in the Mekong Delta "float in and out," as a U.S. source puts it. Farther north in Cambodia is the "Fishhook," only 70 miles from Saigon, which is the haven for two full divisions as well as Viet Cong headquarters. It is no exaggeration to say that the existence of these sanctuaries has virtually precluded a military solution to the Viet Nam War. In fact, General Creighton Abrams, the U.S. commander in South Viet Nam,



HELICOPTERS NEAR CAMBODIAN BORDER



LAOTIAN COMMUNISTS IN SOVIET ARMORED CAR

Changing the whole thrust of the war.

Cambodia last week may well prove to be a watershed in the protracted Viet Nam War. Indeed, they could change the whole thrust of the war.

For the first time since the Geneva accords of 1962 brought an equivocal peace to Laos, Communist troops moved south in force from the Plain of Jars. They seized one key base that had been held by the Laotians with U.S. support and menaced another that serves as the center of CIA operations in the country. The onslaught made it clear that the North Vietnamese could overrun all of Laos at will; what was agonizingly unclear was just how far they intended to go.

Developments in neighboring Cambodia were equally unsettling. In Phnom-Penh, anti-Communists led by Premier General Lon Nol and Deputy Premier Prince Sisowath Sirik Matak deposed Prince Norodom Sihanouk as chief of state and ordered North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops out of Cambodia. In a number of border clashes with Communist troops, the Cambodian army

Minh Trail, threading into South Viet Nam from more than half a dozen points in Laos and Cambodia. There is also the Cambodian port of Sihanoukville, through which, according to some estimates, the Communists get fully 80% of their supplies for the war in the lower half of South Viet Nam. Much of the matériel is brought in aboard Chinese and Soviet freighters and moved north over first-class roads (including one built with U.S. aid) by a fleet of some 500 canvas-covered lorries operated by the Chinese firm of Hak Ly.

Even more important is the use of Cambodia and Laos as privileged base areas for Communist troops. North Vietnamese and Viet Cong hospitals, supply dumps, rest camps and training areas are scattered throughout eastern Cambodia. A 2,300-man headquarters for the joint North Vietnamese-Viet Cong effort in the South lies in a complex of huts beneath a triple canopy of jungle. Some of the sanctuaries bear picturesque names, chosen mostly because of their geographic contours. In southeast-

has said that if they were eliminated the war would be over within a year.

In recent months, increasing allied successes in South Viet Nam have forced the Communists to lean more than ever on the Cambodian and Laotian sanctuaries. Cambodia in particular noted an upsurge in activity as the allies pressed toward the western frontiers of South Viet Nam. Phnom-Penh, for example, reported 200 attacks by Communist troops on Cambodian outposts in the past few months. In Laos, U.S. intelligence sources note that Hanoi has sent in one fresh 9,000-man division and fully reinforced another in recent months for its current offensive.

Promise and Peril

To policymakers in the U.S., the Cambodian and Laotian crises present a tantalizing mixture of promise and peril. Should the U.S. go to Cambodia's aid if asked, providing supplies or men in the hope of wiping out the sanctuaries once and for all? If the U.S. were to do so, Hanoi might reply by pouring in

more troops and opening yet another front, or by intensifying its thrust in Laos. This, coming at a point when the U.S. is attempting to disengage from the Indochinese quagmire, could prove politically as well as militarily disastrous. The U.S. effort to disengage, in fact, may well have contributed to much of the current turmoil.

If Washington faces difficult decisions over the next several weeks, however, so does Hanoi. Can North Viet Nam stand calmly by and see its supply lines to the South endangered? Should the Communists seize all of Laos, and risk massive U.S. bombing as well as attack by a Thai army that is unlikely to feel comfortable with Communist forces just across the Mekong River? With problems of these dimensions suddenly looming, the next few months are bound to be crucial for Southeast Asia.

The common denominator in the current turmoil is the North Vietnamese infantryman, and his presence in sizable numbers in supposedly neutral lands. Hanoi's forces long ago took on the burden of the Laos campaign from the ineffectual, home-grown Pathet Lao. Neither the frangible Laotian regulars nor the lightly armed, CIA-backed Meo guerrillas of Laotian General Vang Pao have been able to withstand them. In Cambodia, it was North Viet Nam's free-wheeling use of Cambodian territory that finally precipitated Sihanouk's ouster. With the U.S. withdrawal under way, Sihanouk grew increasingly alarmed that the presence of so many North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldiers would encourage Cambodia's own Communists, the Khmer Rouge, to act more boldly. For all his diplomatic dexterity, however, the ebullient prince had found it impossible to persuade his unwelcome guests to leave, and power was seized by men who may try harder. Of course, many observers familiar with the Byzantine workings of Sihanouk's mind suspect that he may have engineered the whole thing as a way of pressuring Moscow and Peking to talk the intruders into leaving. But most analysts suspect that this time no dissembling was involved.

In the Spotlight

Dissatisfaction with Sihanouk has sprung from several sources. Foreign policy intrigues the mercurial prince and so does education, but economic policy, which is vital to Cambodia's welfare, simply bores him. There were rumors that the prince's relatives had profited enormously from government contacts. After Sihanouk was deposed, his wife, attractive Princess Monique, was attacked for alleged profiteering. Even Queen Kossamak, Sihanouk's mother, was the subject of ugly speculation on the same count. "The pretext was that Sihanouk was not doing enough against the Vietnamese," said a young Cambodian businessman. "The real reason was that we were all tired of him."

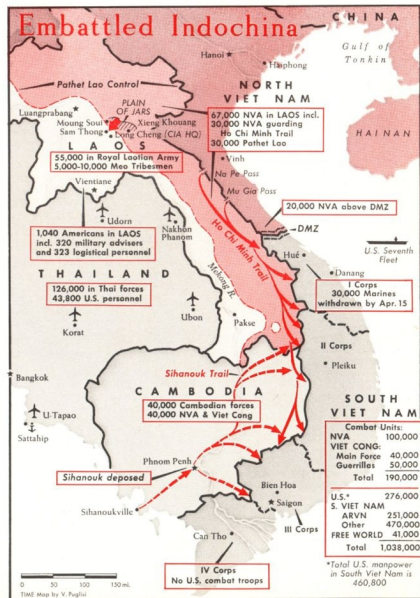
It was Sihanouk's foreign policy that

kept him in the spotlight both at home and abroad. In the early '60s, the prince concluded that the U.S. would never be able to defeat the Vietnamese Communists. Accordingly, he began disengaging from the U.S. and ingratiating himself with the Soviet Union and, more important, China. In late 1963, Sihanouk ordered U.S. aid officials out of the country, and 18 months later he broke off relations completely.

After Lyndon Johnson's decision to halt the bombing of North Viet Nam, Sihanouk began swinging back toward the U.S. "The American presence helps Cambodia indirectly by maintaining the balance of power in the area," he said. "If the U.S. pulls out of the region, the weight of China will be too great for the small countries of Southeast Asia to bear. They will all become

Maoized." A year ago, during a tour of Cambodia's northeast provinces, Sihanouk saw for himself the extent of Communist occupation. Subsequently, the prince said that he had had enough of the Communist intruders. So had many of his countrymen.

Inevitably, American and South Vietnamese troops were guilty of incursions as well, though not for protracted periods. Last December, Cambodia's United Nations Ambassador, Huot Sampoth, appealed for an end to "this war of extermination" in which, he said, more than 300 Cambodians had been killed and 700 wounded by U.S. and South Vietnamese forces. There was little, however, that Cambodia could do except complain: its scantily equipped 40,000-man armed forces could not adequately patrol Cambodia's ill-defined, 575-mile



Cockpit of Conflict

LITTLE besides geography links the four countries that make up modern-day Indochina—Cambodia, Laos, North and South Viet Nam. For 20 centuries, neither foreign conquerors nor home-grown dynasts have ever managed to persuade the peoples of the verdant, fertile peninsula to collect themselves into a single nation. Indeed, long before the present struggle engulfed them, their differences had led to a history of prolonged and tangled conflicts.

The most constant influence on the area's life, of course, has been China, where the forebears of most present-day Indochinese lived before migrating south centuries before Christ. On all too many occasions, the Heavenly Emperors to the North sent their representatives—sometimes soldiers, more often messengers demanding tribute. The feudal village, with its population of tax-paying peasants and aristocratic protectors, grew out of that practice, and is still the basic political unit in much of Indochina. The Chinese presence was strongest in Viet Nam, which was more or less a colony for nearly 1,000 years; its ancient name in Chinese, Annam, literally means "the pacified South."

The second great culture to reach Indochina was that of ancient India, brought by sailors and traders. Along with their commerce, the Indians carried their culture—the religion of Buddha, works of art, the concept of a god-king. The unique fusion of Indo-Asian culture that resulted reached its greatest heights in Cambodia, the seat of the once-mighty Khmer Empire. Between the 9th and the 14th centuries, the Khmers conquered all of Southeast Asia, from the Mekong Delta in Viet Nam to Burma on the Bay of Bengal, backing up their rule by building an elaborate set of canals and reservoirs and making rice a staple crop. They also left behind one of the architectural wonders of the world: the colossal temple of Angkor Wat.

Laos, the Land of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol, managed to conquer the northern reaches of the Khmer Empire in the 14th century. That accomplishment led to Laos' one brief period of expansion. Before long, however, both Laos and the Khmers were caught in the deadly vise of war between Siam (now Thailand) and Annam (now Viet Nam). The enmities between Indochina's present-day neighbors stem in no small part from these wars, which reduced Laos to a tiny mountain kingdom, robbed Cambodia of the rich Mekong Delta (Cochin Chi-

na) and created, for the first time in history, a vigorous unity in Viet Nam between the South (Annam) and North (Tonkin).

France landed its first military expedition in Viet Nam in 1858, ostensibly to protect missionaries who were being put to death by the Vietnamese Emperor for teaching Christianity. Soon the French objective was to colonize rather than Christianize, and by 1883 Paris had established a "protectorate" in Cambodia and occupied all of Viet Nam; in 1899, it placed a *résident supérieur* in Vientiane. Economically, the French were unabashed parasites. As one report of the time put it: "Colonial production must be limited to supplying the mother country with raw materials."

Politically, the French were not so much oppressive as inept. Administrators often knew next to nothing about the land and people in their charge, and few were in office long enough to learn; between 1892 and 1930, Paris dispatched 23 governors-general to Hanoi. Outside the major cities of Viet Nam, French secondary schools were almost nonexistent; by 1939, Phnom-Penh's only school beyond the primary level had graduated a grand total of four students.

Resistance groups flourished almost from the start. Ho Chi Minh, who was to wage the most protracted and successful struggle against the French, was forced to leave school in 1910 for anti-French opinions. The Japanese occupation of Indochina during World War II swept away the myth that the white man was indestructible. Before long, that dramatic discovery led to a place and turning point called Dienbienphu.

Engulfed in the miseries of war for 25 years—or longer—Indochina's newly independent people have not yet recaptured an identity with their past. Few Vietnamese, North or South, can find much reflected glory in the elegant red-and-gold lacquered panels of Hue's imperial city. Laotians, living in the shadow of the war next door and amid the growing misery of the one in their own front yard, take small comfort in the ancient Buddhist temples of Luangprabang. To a certain extent, Cambodians could relive the triumphs of the Khmers in the resounding rhetoric of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who at least kept the kingdom independent. Clearly, if the past sometimes seems impossibly remote and unreal to Indochina's long-suffering peoples, that is the result of an all too real present.

frontier with Viet Nam. A typical technique was to send a single Cambodian trooper, mounted on a motorcycle, to the site of a border violation. The soldier would race up to the invading troops, wave a Cambodian flag at them and try to persuade them to leave. It is a tribute to Cambodian bravado that the tactic sometimes worked.

Energizing the Economy

Last summer Sihanouk made the two men who eventually overthrew him the principal figures in a "movement of salvation" designed to energize Cambodia's stagnant economy. Both had been key officials for some time. Lon Nol is a quiet, pragmatic 56-year-old general who has been Cambodia's best-known anti-Communist for many years. He became head of the national police in 1951 and entered the army in 1952, taking part in operations against the Viet Minh invaders until the end of the French war in Indochina. Three years after joining the army, he became its chief of staff, and in 1966 was elected Premier. He resigned the following year after suffering injuries in an auto accident, but returned to the government in 1968 as Defense Minister. In mid-'69, when Lon Nol was again elected Premier, he demanded—and got—substantial powers from Sihanouk.

Prince Sirik Matak, 56, who helped Lon Nol depose Sihanouk, is the scion of the Sisowath branch of the royal family (Sihanouk is of the Norodom branch). A more colorful figure than Lon Nol, he could emerge as Cambodia's real new leader. Though he has practically made a career out of publicly opposing Sihanouk on major issues, his unquestioned ability has all but guaranteed him a succession of important government posts. With Lon Nol, he has long fought Sihanouk's policy of tolerating the Communist border presence, but he has struggled hardest to free the economy of oppressive government controls and corruption.

Familiar Gambit

Last January, with domestic conflicts developing over economic reforms and the issue of the Vietnamese troops, Sihanouk decided to depart for France. It was a familiar gambit—leave at a time when trouble is brewing, come back after the situation has worsened, point out how inefficient the temporary chieftains have been and then create a flurry of activity that resembles a solution. This time, however, Sihanouk's absence simply gave Lon Nol and Sirik Matak time to plot.

In February, the governors of Cambodia's 19 provinces met in Phnom-Penh. As they reported, one by one, on their problems, it slowly became apparent that unrest extended over most of the nation—and that the chief source of the trouble was the North Vietnamese presence. Lon Nol and Sirik Matak decided that something had to be done to drive home the seriousness

Bowl 'em over.

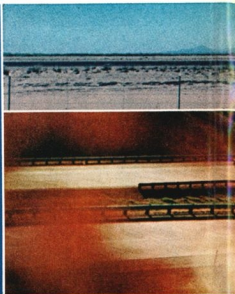
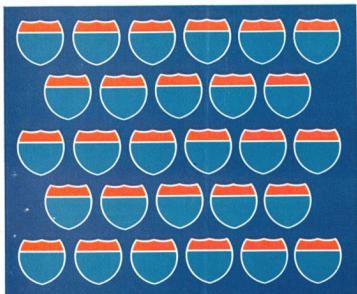


*Surprise
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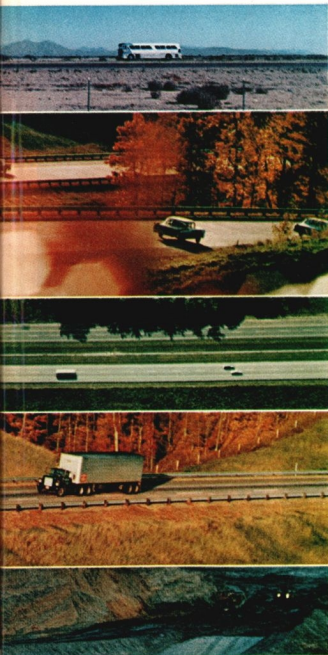
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of the situation to both the wandering Sihanouk and the North Vietnamese.

To this end, they organized mass demonstrations, first in Svay Rieng province, site of the Fishhook sanctuary, then three days later in the capital. Thousands of civil servants, students and soldiers in civilian clothes joined in. Many of the placards they carried had been printed on government presses. The North Vietnamese and N.L.F. embassies were sacked. Though the demonstrations were sparked by the army, there was enough spontaneous participation to indicate a high level of popular hatred for the North Vietnamese. It was then that the anti-Sihanouk forces seriously began to consider ousting the prince.

Object Lesson

Other factors helped crystallize their feelings. The continuing disintegration in Laos, for instance, was an object lesson in the perils of a large North Vietnamese troop presence. In addition, exploratory post-riot talks with the affronted North Vietnamese in Phnom-Penh got nowhere. The Communist diplomats brushed aside the rights or wrongs of their military presence; they were only interested in reparations and a public apology for their ruined embassies. At that point Sihanouk weighed in with a cable warning of Soviet unhappiness with the demonstrations and indicating that he had no plans to get tough with Hanoi's representatives. Lon Nol and Sirik Matak decided that the time had come to shut the door on the returning prince. The National Assembly and the Council of the Kingdom removed Sihanouk as head of state and named Assembly Speaker Cheng Heng as his acting successor.

The first sign that Sihanouk might have lost control came when air controllers at Phnom-Penh's Pochentong Airport began to turn away incoming airliners. A Burma Airways plane, whose passengers included a U.S. Coast Guard officer en route to Cambodia to negotiate the return of the hijacked *Columbia Eagle* (see THE NATION), was in its approach pattern when it was waved off. A few hours later, a government communiqué announced: "In view of the political crisis created in recent days by the chief of state, Prince Sihanouk, and in conformity with the constitution, the National Assembly and the Council of the Kingdom have unanimously agreed to withdraw confidence in Prince Sihanouk." The coup had a distinctive Cambodian flavor. Some of the tanks drawn up around public buildings in the capital had white kerchiefs over their gun muzzles, and scores of soldiers were seen snoozing on the grass, many without shoes.

Impossible Ultimatum

Sihanouk heard of his overthrow from Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin in Moscow. At first he took the news calmly. A few hours later, just before flying off to Peking for talks with Pre-

mier Chou En-lai, he told Cambodian students at Vnukovo II Airport that he might establish an exile government in Moscow or Peking. Earlier, he had sent off a cable to his mother quoting Kosygin as having said: "If the extreme right continues to strike foul blows on our allies, war is inevitable between Cambodia and Viet Nam."

Back in Phnom-Penh, Lon Nol and Sirik Matak had been doing their best to make Kosygin's allies uncomfortable. They sent *pro forma* notes of apology to the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong for the damage to their embassies but at the same time handed the Communists an ultimatum: all of their troops must be out within three days.

It was an impossible demand, and Cambodia's new leaders made no move to enforce it. In fact, they made a point of announcing that Cambodia

mediately split in two, half staying with the Premier and the balance joining the Pathet Lao. Pathet Lao ministers in Vientiane, rightfully fearing assassination, fled to the Plain of Jars in 1963 and formed a rump government. The right wing made a bid to seize full power in 1964. At that time, the U.S. dropped its backing of the rightists and swung its support to Souvanna. The idea of tripartite rule was dead.

Unsettling Element

For the next five years, the strategically located Plain of Jars remained in Communist hands; most of the fighting in that period occurred around the periphery of the plain, and the Communists went no farther south. Last fall Vang Pao's CIA-backed army, aided by heavy U.S. air support, succeeded in driving the Communists forces from the plain.



CHENG HENG



LOL NOL



SIRIK MATAK

Enough spontaneity to indicate the popular hatred.

would maintain its traditional policy of neutrality and nonalignment. U.S. sources in Saigon reported some increase in the number of enemy troops crossing into South Viet Nam about the time the ultimatum expired, but the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese are still estimated to have close to 40,000 men in Cambodia.

Coming Unstuck

While Cambodia's new leadership moved to consolidate its hold, the military situation in Laos continued to disintegrate. That was not altogether startling: ever since the establishment of a neutralist tripartite government in Laos as a result of the Geneva accords of 1962, news from there had generally been gloomy. Under the accords, the country's three major parties—the Neo Lao Hak Xat (Communist), the Neutralists, and the Souvanna Phouma, and the right wing under General Phoumi Nosavan—were to work together in a single government. Souvanna held the balance of power as Premier, and Cabinet posts were shared by all three groups.

This solution began to come unstuck almost as soon as it was pieced together. Souvanna's Neutralist army im-

mediately split in two, half staying with the Premier and the balance joining the Pathet Lao troops reoccupied the plain—and this time they decided to go farther. After pausing to resupply, the Communists moved southeast. Late last week government forces abandoned Sam Thong to the Communists, and North Vietnamese troops were reported on the verge of attacking the CIA center at Long Cheng.

With the government forces in serious trouble, Vientiane sent in reinforcements, including a number of extremely young conscripts. Unexpectedly, several hundred Thai mercenaries were airlifted into Long Cheng by Air America, the CIA's Asian airline. This marked the first time that Thai participation in the Laos war had been officially acknowledged by the U.S.—though Thai artillery units and pilots are known to have fought in Laos on several previous occasions. It was a turn of events that intensely displeased doves in Washington. "It's too bad," said Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J.W. Fulbright. "It's a very unsettling element."

As the Communist pressure mounted, a Pathet Lao emissary flew into Vientiane, bearing a message for Souvanna

The Royal Jugglers of Southeast Asia

PARIS WATCH



SOUVANNA PHOUMA & SOUPHANOUVONG (1964)

I want to make Laos the Switzerland of Southeast Asia.

—Prince Souvanna Phouma, 1956

I have always dreamed of a Cambodia that is a kind of Switzerland.

—Prince Norodom Sihanouk, 1970

THE two Southeast Asian princes have little in common, not even their particular brands of neutrality. Each is convinced, however, that his nation's survival depends on maintaining the greatest possible distance from the war that has convulsed their common neighbor, South Viet Nam. Last week, with Sihanouk deposed as Cambodia's chief of state and Souvanna facing a major Communist offensive in Laos, their Swiss reveries seemed more remote than ever.

Ironically, the ruler who was toppled from power appeared more secure than any other government figure in Southeast Asia. Though he is only 47, His Royal Highness Norodom Sihanouk has served as Cambodia's king or chief of state for nearly 30 years. He remains an enormously popular leader among his people—a fact that could still have dramatic results should Sihanouk decide to make a stand against the government leaders who turned on him. Most of all, however, Sihanouk will be remembered as a politician who tried to keep his country out of trouble by sheer grandstanding. Detractors loved to speak of his tightrope act; in fact, says Far East Affairs Specialist Willard Hanna, it was "more a virtuoso professional performance of juggling Roman candles while spinning by his teeth from a flying trapeze."

Whatever his act, it began inauspiciously. The French pulled Sihanouk out of school and placed him on the throne when he was 18 because they figured that he was more likely than any other member of Cambodia's royal family to cooperate with France's sagging colonial administration. At first it appeared that the French had chosen wisely: young Sihanouk pursued nothing more radical than a long list of hobbies (songwriting, saxophone playing, poetry, athletics, and an even longer list of girl friends). Then, after sensing a tide of resentment against *de facto* French control in Cambodia, he demanded complete independence for his nation and marched off into voluntary exile to await it. Ten months later, just weeks



CHOU EN-LAI WELCOMING SIHANOUK IN PEKING

before the French defeat at Dienbienphu, Paris granted his demand and Sihanouk returned home in triumph.

For refusing to commit Cambodia to either the Communist or anti-Communist camps, Sihanouk has long antagonized cold warriors on both sides. One day he may remark that "Communism is inevitable in Asia. When? Oh, not tomorrow. The Chinese don't think in years, not even in lustrums. They have time with them." The next day he may complain that Chinese children in Cambodia's schools "bring in Mao Tse-tung's books and carry out all types of subversive activities."

Souvanna Phouma, 68, a nephew of Laos' longtime (1904-1959) King Sisavang Vong, lacks Sihanouk's brash style. Nonetheless, he performs with skill. A cultivated, retiring figure who looks and acts like a country gentleman, Souvanna has four times taken on the unenviable job of leading a government that is split between the Communist left, Neutralist middle and Royalist right.

Souvanna is mediating a family quarrel as well as a corner of the East-West war. The Pathet Lao have long been under the command of his half brother Prince Souphanouvong, 57. While Souphanouvong was labeled the Red Prince, Souvanna was sometimes called the Pink Prince, presumably because of his willingness to cooperate with the Pathet Lao.

The Pink Prince and the Red Prince reportedly maintain some family feeling in spite of their political differences. Souvanna Phouma has occasionally denied that his half brother is a Communist at all, calling him a "misled patriot." Royal gossips, whose authority is rarely doubted in Laos, believe that Souphanouvong's politics of dissidence and his rather gaudy style are due in large part to the fact that his mother was a commoner. His half brother was born to full royalty.

The job of neighborly neutrality in a war fought by guerrillas and insurgents is a thankless one at best. That neither Cambodia nor Laos has yet stepped over the brink is partially due to the wits of Sihanouk and Souvanna. Perhaps the cagey Sihanouk has best summarized the plight of Southeast Asian neutralists. "I'll keep maneuvering as long as I have cards in my hand, first a little to the left and then a little to the right," he said. "And when I have no more cards to play, I'll stop."

Phouma. It was assumed that the message included a proposal calling for a conference of Laotian political factions on the question of a settlement, and for an end to U.S. bombing in Laos. In the past, Souvanna has countered such proposals by insisting that North Vietnamese troops first be withdrawn from his country; this time, in the face of the North Vietnamese advance toward Long Cheng, there was a faint chance that Souvanna might agree to talks with the Pathet Lao (which is led by his half brother Prince Souphanouvong). Despite the increased pressure, Vientiane remained characteristically tranquil. Even the news of Sihanouk's overthrow failed to stir much of a reaction. Most attention was focused on the flamboyant wedding of Souvanna Phouma's son to a Thai model, an event attended by smiling representatives of Western and Communist powers.

A Smile from Thieu

The parallel crises in Indochina evoked strikingly cautious comments. Where Cambodia was concerned, officials were wary of pronouncements because no one could firmly count Sihanouk out for good. Given his popular support and his penchant for the surprise initiative, Sihanouk may well remain an important factor in Cambodian politics for some time to come. To be sure, he was not giving up without a fight. In Peking, he charged that his removal had been "absolutely illegal" and demanded a referendum under neutral supervision. Both Moscow and Peking emphasized that they still considered Sihanouk to be Cambodia's chief of state. In Washington, Cambodia's stability is considered essential to peace in Southeast Asia.

For that reason, a ranking White House official said: "We're not going to take any action that could foul us

up. We're playing it cool." In Saigon, where Sihanouk has long been considered a Communist dupe, there was undisguised pleasure. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu had just finished telling a group of Asian newsmen, "We can be friendly with a neutral country, but 'neutral' does not mean being in complicity with the enemy," when an aide handed him the news of Sihanouk's downfall. Thieu broke into a broad grin.

Hanoi's response was, naturally, less enthusiastic. North Vietnamese successes in Laos seemed to be offset by the uncertain situation in Cambodia. Without a guaranteed border sanctuary, Communist forces could expect severe difficulties, particularly if Cambodian forces started acting in conjunction with allied troops. Would North Viet Nam fight to keep the sanctuary? That may not be necessary. In any case, for the time being Hanoi appears to be keeping the fighting in South Viet Nam at a low level. Ho Chi Minh's death last September may well be the reason. Sir Robert Scott, former British Commissioner General for Southeast Asia, notes in *Foreign Affairs* that the new leaders in Hanoi "do not now feel the same urgency to translate Ho's vision into reality in his lifetime." Adds Scott: "There is no purpose to be served by shedding too much blood to win what they expect to win anyway."

Plus and Minus

In terms of the Viet Nam conflict, last week's developments appear to leave Washington with one questionable plus—Cambodia—and one probable minus—Laos. Whatever may happen in Laos, the U.S. is extremely unlikely to use ground troops—as Senator Fulbright informed the world last week by releasing secret testimony by Secretary of State William Rogers. Rogers said that

the Nixon Administration had "no present plans" to send G.I.s to Laos even if Communist troops threatened to overrun it. Nonetheless, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird indicated that the U.S. would probably continue to bomb the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Cambodia could be a plus—over the short run, at least—provided the situation does not degenerate into anarchy and prompt a panicky Hanoi to mount a full-scale invasion. (Sihanouk was useful in that he kept Cambodia stable. If the new regime swings violently anti-Communist, there could be serious trouble.) Hanoi, too, had a mixed week, with a definite plus in Laos all but outweighed by a possible minus in Cambodia. The survival of the sanctuary in Cambodia is now in question; supplies coming through Sihanoukville reportedly have been slowed, and some Communist troops may soon begin to feel the pinch of hunger.

One positive factor for everybody would be a multinational peace conference whose aim would be a settlement embracing all of Indochina. The Soviets have opposed reconvening the 14 nation Geneva parley until the U.S. stops its bombing in Laos; the dangers posed by Sihanouk's departure from the scene could persuade them to drop their opposition. Hanoi, with its lifeline in Cambodia endangered, now has more reason to come to the bargaining table. A more remote possibility is that the Communist Chinese, whose foreign policy is no longer distorted by the lunatic frenzies of the Cultural Revolution, might be persuaded to join. Last week's demonstration of Indochina's chronic instability may eventually prove persuasive enough to bring all the nations concerned to the bargaining table. Nothing, in all likelihood, could do more to please Norodom Sihanouk, or Souvanna Phouma, or Richard Nixon.



BOYISH LAOTIAN GOVERNMENT DEFENDERS NEAR HO CHI MINH TRAIL



YOUTHFUL PATHET LAO SOLDIERS IN PLAIN OF JARS AREA

From a side show to a main event.

The War of the Long Breath

A THOUSAND days have passed since Israeli jets and tanks swept out of a June sunrise to demolish Arab air power in five hours and Arab armies in six days. Since then, the Middle East balance has scarcely shifted, despite Arab threats of renewed war and big-power efforts toward peace. Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser's war of attrition, designed "to regain by force that which was taken by force," has been foiled by successful Israeli reprisals and pre-emptive strikes. The result is a war of stalemate—what Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat last week called "the war of the long breath" (see color pages).

Military activity consists mostly of small but deadly raids or bombardments

deep into Egypt without fear of challenge—or retaliation. Nasser's Soviet-made MIG-21s can reach major targets in Israel, but they are mainly defensive airplanes; with bomb racks added they would lack the range to make it back home. Besides, they would have to encounter Israeli pilots whose advantage over them in combat is now 7 to 1.

As a result, Israel's strategy is to emphasize strength and security above a shaky, unreliable armistice. "The moment Nasser believes that Israel is weak," said Premier Golda Meir last week "that is the danger point of a new war."

Israel has asked for additional U.S. jets to maintain its strength, but President Nixon indicated last week that for

vanced SA-3 antiaircraft missiles, a move that adds a new element to the Middle East arms balance. Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan warned that the new missiles would be destroyed, just as the SA-2s were.

Very Clever. Israel's strength has largely cowed regular Arab forces. Their place on the line—and in Arab hearts—has been taken by the irregulars of the fedayeen ("men of sacrifice"). Scattered among eleven different organizations, the largest of which is Arafat's Al-Fatah, the fedayeen now total about 50,000 men at various levels of training and with broadly differing philosophies. Arafat, for instance, adheres to conservative Moslem precepts and single-mindedly preaches the need for eliminating Zionism. George Habash, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is a Marxist who considers the struggle a class war against unprogressive Arab states as well as a war with Israel, which he considers a capitalist-imperialist outpost.

Last week Arafat discussed the war with TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott, first in Amman and the next morning in a cave on the Israeli border, from which he was directing fedayeen operations. Describing his visit to the cave, Scott cabled: "The escort abruptly swerved off the road that twisted through the rust hills dominating the Jordan Valley. There was a whoop from a clump of trees and a commando packing a sub-machine gun came out to investigate. After a check, we were led 200 yards to the cave, which commanded a vista of Israeli-held territory three miles away. Inside, in a rock chamber perhaps ten feet wide, Arafat sat at a wooden table studying military reports by the light of a gas lamp. On the rock walls were maps of Israeli army positions. Sub-machine guns were stacked in a corner." Arafat introduced Scott to a 13-year-old commando who, he said, had already been on 14 operations. "He's one of the best we have. Very smart. Very clever."

In his talks with Scott, Arafat claimed that such youthful fighters could keep the war going indefinitely. "As Napoleon and Hitler were drowned in the snows of Russia, the sands of our deserts will swallow the Israelis," he said. "Our people can put up with many invasions. It is better to die as fighters than to die of hunger in the refugee camps. It is enough that after 20 years in the tents, children born in the tents are still pointing their guns toward Haifa."

Pan-Arab Force. To a great extent, the fedayeen have been more of an annoyance than a genuine threat to Israel. But in one memorable battle two years ago, they managed to bloody an Israeli force in the Battle of Karamah in Jordan. In the 1968 fight, the Israelis slew 110 guerrillas, but lost 23 killed of their own, suffered 70 wounded and were forced to fight their way back across the Jordan River.

The real power of the fedayeen is



ARAFAT DIRECTING OPERATIONS FROM JORDANIAN CAVE
Comparing the sands to the snows.

across the borders separating Israel from Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Egypt. Last week Israel sent three helicopter commando teams to attack power lines, an army camp and a bridge deep inside Syria, in reprisal for Syrian attacks on Israeli positions on the Golan Heights. Two days later, Lebanon protested to the United Nations over Israeli shelling of three border villages. In a five-hour aerial battle over Suez, the Israelis claimed to have downed a MIG-21—their 76th kill of an Egyptian jet during the thousand days.

Strength and Security. So far, the stalemate seems to have worked in Israel's favor. Without a peace treaty, Israel holds on doggedly to the territories captured in the six days. The country is now four times larger than it was before the war, and, as a result, Tiberias is now the only sizable city that can be hit by shells lobbed from beyond Israel's frontiers. Meanwhile U.S.-built Israeli Phantoms strike regularly

the time being the request will not be granted. Washington reasons that even without more planes, Israel will dominate Middle East skies for some time to come; by not increasing the level of armaments, the U.S. hopes to persuade the two sides to try again for some kind of peaceful settlement. Israel has already received 28 of the 50 Phantoms ordered during Lyndon Johnson's Administration and approved by Nixon; delivery will be completed before summer's end. Moreover, Arab air strength is limited by a problem that it will take a long time to overcome: a shortage of trained pilots. Thus even France's recent sale of 108 hot Mirage jets to Libya is unlikely to change the equation soon. Egypt, with 33.5 million people, is unable to train enough pilots to fly 350 Soviet aircraft; Libya, which has a more backward population of 1,800,000, will have a tougher time learning to handle its latest Paris models.

Moscow is now arming Egypt with ad-

Middle East Conflict:
Arab Guerrillas
v. Israeli Regulars



Arab irregulars of the Democratic Popular Front train in a camp near Amman.

In the Judean wilderness, Israelis learn assault tactics using cover of a U.S.-built halftrack.



THE FEDAYEEN—"MEN OF SACRIFICE"



Bereted instructor of El Asifa guerrilla group sprays live ammunition around trainees crawling under wire. Guerrillas admit that realism causes frequent casualties.

Guerrillas are a political force in Arab nations. Here, Al-Fatah men demonstrate in Amman after King Hussein backed down on orders barring armed fedayeen from city streets.



To get through barbed wire, one guerrilla serves as stepping-stone for a second.





AP/WIDEWORLD

Fedayeen preparing for future missions against Israel try rope climbing at a camp in Jordan. Other guerrillas of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine learn hand-to-hand combat.

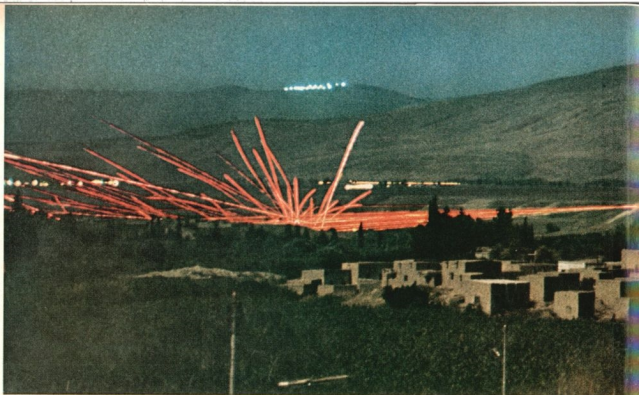
AP/WIDEWORLD



SHIRLEY SAMAN



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ISRAEL'S MILITARY—IN PEAK CONDITION

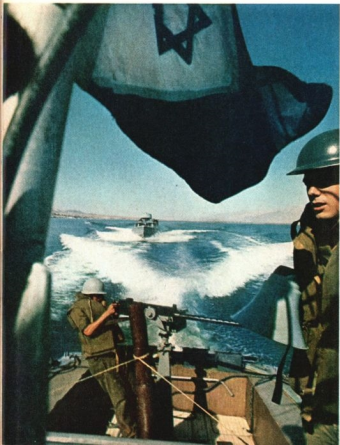




S. FRIEDMAN - AP/WIDE WORLD

After three victories over the Arabs in 20 years and repeated successes in the "war of attrition" proclaimed a year ago by Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, Israel's armed forces are among the best in the world. With hostile neighbors on four of its borders, Israel keeps its forces in peak condition by constant training; it keeps its enemies off-balance with a military policy of massive response whenever an Arab attack

takes place. Above: Tracer bullets fly along the Jordan River at night as Israeli units respond to harassing shots fired at a kibbutz by Arab snipers. In foreground is a Jordanian village. Below: Israeli infantrymen follow a tank in an army assault exercise, a navy patrol boat cruises the Gulf of Aqaba near the port of Eilat, and an Israeli paratrooper bails out in a practice jump over the coast near Tel Aviv.





FEDAYEEN DRILL

Members of Al-Fatah, largest Arab guerrilla group, exercise in kaffiyehs.

ISRAELI MISSION

Ground crewmen load 500-lb. bombs aboard a Skyhawk jet readying for a sortie.



that they polarize Arab feeling at home. They are the only true pan-Arab force, moving easily from country to country to fight and collecting taxes in the form of payroll deductions from other Palestinians' salaries and manning their own border checkpoints. They are the new heroes of Arab youth: nine-year-olds train with real guns and chant a fedayeen cry, "Oh Zionists, do not think you are safe. Drinking blood is a habit of our men." They are the idols of grown Arabs, who refer affectionately to Arafat as "the old man," to Habash as "the doctor," and to the fedayeen generally as "the boys."

The boys and their promises of eventual victory create unrealistic hopes. In so doing, they reduce the already slight prospects for meaningful negotiations to end the stalemate peacefully. Under such circumstances, the first thousand days may easily stretch into several thousand—and a longer breath than anybody bargained for.

DISARMAMENT

Chemical Conundrum

Geneva's sometimes dilatory disarmament negotiators have been concentrating since February on a crucial question: What can be done about banning chemical and biological warfare? The answer may be disappointing. All sides are agreed on stopping production of disease-spreading biological agents, which the U.S. renounced last November. But chemicals are something else. Last week James F. Leonard Jr., head of the U.S. delegation in Geneva, rejected Soviet proposals for an outright ban on chemical agents, chiefly because it would be well nigh impossible to enforce.

Leonard pointed out that the globe is already awash in commercial chemicals that could readily be "weaponized" by any country that wanted to cheat on a ban. Many of the gases and agents that caused 1,300,000 deaths or injuries in World War I are now available by the carload for commercial purposes. Several countries produce substantial quantities of phosgene, a "choking agent" now used in plastics, paint and pharmaceuticals. Ten countries, ranging from the Common Market nations to Communist China, produce a yearly total of more than 1,000,000 tons of hydrogen cyanide, a deadly "blood gas" used in dyes. A similar quantity of ethylene oxide, used in detergents and disinfectants, is turned out; mustard gas, World War I's most effective chemical killer, is easily derived from the compound. The latest nerve gases have close cousins in common organophosphorus pesticides; the U.S. produces nearly half of the worldwide output, which exceeds 130,000 tons per year.

Is there any solution to the chemical dilemma? Perhaps the best that can be hoped for is that other nations will follow the lead of the U.S., which has promised no "first use" of chemical agents—however they are labeled.

CYPRUS

Under the Threat of Guns

"Georgadjis did this!"

According to bystanders, those were the words uttered by the shaken but uninjured leader of troubled Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios, after his helicopter was riddled with bullets two weeks ago. His Beatitude was referring to Polycarpus Georgadjis, 39, an underground hero in the revolt against British rule, Makarios' Interior Minister until 1968, and more recently one of the archbishop's principal political rivals. Georgadjis (pronounced *Yorhajis*) was under intense surveillance after the assassination attempt; when he tried to leave the island,

enough seats in June's scheduled parliamentary elections to hoist him back into the Cabinet—against Makarios' wishes. Thus his murderers could have been members of one of the pro-Makarios secret armies on the island. They could have been Greek officers in Cyprus' National Guard, still bristling over the Papadopoulos affair. Or they might have been Cypriots of the extremist National Front, which has been waging a terrorist campaign to encourage *enosis*, or union with Greece, rather than the independence that both Georgadjis and the archbishop considered more feasible.

Georgadjis himself seemed to fear Makarios. After the assassination attempt against the archbishop, government sources leaked reports that fingerprints and a gun had been found that implicated Georgadjis' supporters. Police searched his apartment and confiscated two pistols. Georgadjis was fined \$384 for having concealed weapons. After he was removed from his plane and forced to remain on the island, Georgadjis warned: "Anything can happen now. To Makarios, people are like lemons: when they are squeezed dry, he throws them away."

No Clues. Four thousand people and a dirgeful police band turned out for Georgadjis' funeral. Children carried banners that read "We will not forget your struggle." Makarios, however, pointedly stayed away. That—and a lack of serious clues to Georgadjis' murder—kept tension high. The latest round of talks in the fruitless 21-month negotiations to find a formula for coexistence between the island's 490,000 Greeks and 110,000 Turks were ad-

joined suddenly. "We would have been talking under the threat of guns," explained Turkish Leader Rauf Denktaş. Moreover, Makarios, who on one pretext or another has delayed parliamentary elections for five years, may seize upon the tension as an excuse for canceling the June balloting.

To complicate matters still more, the Soviet Union notified Turkey that Greek officers in Cyprus were plotting a coup aimed at reuniting the island with Greece. Moscow fears that such a development would bring Cyprus—now neutralist—into NATO and give the organization an invaluable natural aircraft carrier in the Mediterranean. Whatever the truth of the Soviet reports, Ankara reacted sharply, warning that Turkey would oppose any such threat with "all her might and resources." The Turks, who came close to invading Cyprus during the communal upheavals of 1967, seem to mean it.



GEORGADJIS' WIDOW BESIDE COFFIN
The list went on and on.

policemen ordered him off a Beirut-bound airliner as it prepared for takeoff. Last week, barely 48 hours after his departure was thwarted, he was ambushed while driving on the road from Nicosia to Famagusta. Six bullets tore into his back and left side, killing him instantly.

On the faction-plagued island, where Greeks often hate fellow Greeks as much as they do the minority Turks, the list of suspects in the murder was a long one. As Makarios' minister for police, intelligence and defense, Georgadjis made many enemies. Seventeen months ago, he was booted from the Cabinet after allegations that he was involved in a plot to murder Greek Premier George Papadopoulos (who was best man at Georgadjis' 1967 wedding). The Greeks insisted that Georgadjis had supplied the explosive with which assassins tried to blow up Papadopoulos' car. Georgadjis thereupon helped form the Unified Democratic Party, which might have won

GERMANY

On Speaking Terms at Last

The citizens of the sleepy East German city of Erfurt could hardly recognize their surroundings. The ancient cathedral city, home of such medieval relics as an Augustinian monastery and St. Severus Church, was chosen last month as the site of the first summit meeting between the heads of government of the two rival German states. Soon afterward, hundreds of East German soldiers, police and road crews launched a giant Operation Face Lift. Façades along the main streets received long-overdue coats of paint. Potholes in roads were filled. Lemons and other scarce imported items suddenly appeared in food stores.

The East Germans also tried to camouflage the feelings of their people. To avoid an overly enthusiastic reception for West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, authorities ordered workers to remain at their jobs and students to stay in class. To discourage an influx of visitors, Erfurt-bound trains were canceled and roadblocks were set up on all roads leading to the city.

Nonetheless, as Brandt stepped from his special train in Erfurt one morning last week, 3,000 East Germans had gathered. When Brandt, accompanied by East German Premier Willi Stoph (see box) walked across a square to the Hotel Erfurter Hof, the cheers began: "Willy! Willy! Willy!" When the two men stepped inside, the crowd broke through the police lines and surged across the square. Then, as if to make



BRANDT BEING GREETED BY STOPH IN ERFURT STATION

No way to camouflage the feelings.

sure that nobody mistook which Willy they meant, they shouted: "Willy Brandt ans Fenster [Willy Brandt to the window!]" Moved to tears, Brandt briefly appeared at a third-story window.

Empty Nutshell. Inside the hotel, seated at a rectangular table covered with green baize, Stoph spoke first. In a one-hour speech, he demanded immediate West German recognition of the Communist German Democratic Republic as a separate and sovereign nation. That

was not new, but he also added an old demand that West Germany thought had been abandoned: \$27.3 billion in reparations for the 2,600,000 East Germans who fled to the West between 1949 and 1961, when the erection of the Berlin Wall cut escape routes.

Brandt, with a portrait of East German Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht at his back, replied that the two German states could never regard each other as foreign countries. While he did not

From Bricklayer to Organization Man

A DEADLY, inhuman person," Willy Brandt said of Willi Stoph some years ago. Whether Brandt would like to revise that assessment after his meeting with East Germany's Premier last week at Erfurt remains to be seen. To be sure, the shy, introverted Stoph (rhymes with loaf) is not exactly the cuddly type. In a country where telling jokes about political leaders has long been a favorite pastime, no German—East or West—can readily recall any gags about the steely, erect and correct Stoph. But he does seem to inspire respect.

As day-to-day manager of the country since 1964, Stoph is admired as an able technocrat who has come closer than anyone else to making East German Communism work. His assistants call him simply "Der Chef" (The Boss) and, according to Werner Barm, a top East German party man who defected to the West last August, they defer to "his skill, his solidly based knowledge, his sense of justice, and not least his secure and reserved appearance." Yet it was Stoph who ran East Germany's brutal secret police after the war and, as Defense Minister later on, set up East Germany's goose-stepping army.

Mystery as well as contradiction surrounds Walter Ulbricht's "organization man," as Stoph is known. Party Boss Ulbricht, 76, and most of the aging men around him weathered the war in Moscow. Stoph, 55, who joined the Communist Party at 17 in Berlin, where he had followed his father in becoming a bricklayer, went to Russia too—as an artilleryman and driver with Hit-

ler's forces on the Eastern Front. Between 1942 and 1945, the young Wehrmacht private first class, who was later to become an East German general, dropped completely out of sight. As some stories have it, Stoph was captured and sent to Moscow, where he picked up his fluent Russian. Another version is that he had been a Soviet spy all along. Stoph's official biography says only that he had been engaged in "antifascist activity" throughout the Nazi years. In any case, he surfaced in war-scarred Berlin in 1945 as Ulbricht's personal aide.

Westerners speculate that the pragmatic Stoph is East Germany's "liberal," the man who could some day recast East German Communism's rigidly doctrinaire posture. Stoph, his second wife (he divorced his first in 1945) and four children live in Berlin's elite Wandlitz suburb, as do Ulbricht and other East German leaders. The Premier drinks and smokes little, and his chief relaxation is weekend walks in the woods. He is not considered an ideologue on the order of Ulbricht or Erich Honecker, the top man (after Ulbricht) in the Communist Party and Stoph's main rival for future power.

While Werner Barm cautions that Stoph "is not a man to give up Communism," he concedes that "he is one of the few men in the party leadership who is seeking a reconciliation of Communism and the people." Clearly, Willy Brandt is hoping that the other Willy will some day start seeking the same sort of reconciliation between the people of East and West Germany as well.

rule out negotiations on recognition, he stressed that the proper mission of the two German states was to narrow, not to widen, the gap between them. He suggested that Bonn and East Berlin work out plans for improved communications, freer travel and cultural and athletic exchanges. Said Brandt: "Unless we make a start in these areas, contracts about normalization are going to be nothing but an empty nutshell."

Brandt warned that there were two subjects on which he was not prepared to yield. As the former mayor of West Berlin, he emphasized that he would undertake no agreement that jeopardized the city's security and economic viability. His statement was particularly significant because of the conference this week in Berlin between the Western allies and the Soviet Union over the status of the city. Brandt also declared that he would not agree to any treaty that might prevent the German people, East and West, from ultimately deciding how they wish to live together.

Promising Point. After nearly two hours of talks, Brandt and Stoph relaxed a bit over an excellent luncheon of Harz mountain trout and veal cutlets, washed down by three different wines. Later, the two met alone for two more hours. Stoph, who reportedly conferred by telephone with Ulbricht before the final talk with Brandt, refused to budge from his earlier position.

Even so, the promising point was that Stoph agreed that the dialogue should continue. The next meeting is set for May 21 in the West German city of Kassel. On his return to Bonn, Brandt immediately reported to the Bundestag on his trip. "It was a beginning," he said. "We cannot know whether relations between the two Germanys will be improved in the future, but at least we can try." He might have added that for the first time since World War II, the two halves of Germany were at last on speaking terms.

INDIA

Where Death Looked Down

Down through the ages, pestilence and poverty have made death an all too frequent visitor to Calcutta. Last week politics was the cause. For two days, rival political and labor factions rioted in Calcutta with spears, swords, clubs and daggers. By the time order was restored by local police, stiffened by 1,000 special officers, 34 lay dead.

The disorders had been building up for 13 months. In early 1969, a shaky coalition government took power in West Bengal, the most turbulent of India's 17 states and the one in which Calcutta lies. Since then, against a backdrop of bitter political strife stirred up by the coalition's strong Communist faction, unrest, violence and crime have been increasing. In the past year, the state has had 584 murders, one-fourth of them in Calcutta. Never the safest place on earth, the teeming metropolis

of 8,000,000 has become a city of fear. Aside from the 200,000 ragged Calcuttans who sleep on the sidewalks every night, the once-thronged streets are virtually abandoned after dark.

Murder and Molestation. Last week West Bengal's Chief Minister, Ajoy Mukherji, leader of the Bangla Congress Party, made an extraordinary broadcast detailing the sad condition of his state and its 48 million people. "A disastrous situation has developed," he said. "Violence is rampant, with riots, looting, arson, destruction of life and property, murder, and molestation of women." The next day Mukherji resigned, and the 14-party United Front that had been ruling West Bengal collapsed.

Most distressed by the coalition's fall was its largest member, the militant Communist Party of India (Marxist). In a show of muscle intended to reinforce their claim to a dominant role in any future government, the Marxists called a 24-hour general strike that paralyzed industry and brought bloodshed to the streets. Toward week's end India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi invoked emergency provisions for direct control from New Delhi of the torn state.

It was the second time in two years that New Delhi had had to intervene in troubled West Bengal. Both times the troublemakers were the Marxists,* who hold 104 of the 280 seats in the Assembly. Controlling four key United Front ministries (Police, Land Policy, Education and Labor), the Marxists did much to expand their power base.

Blood All Over. In the countryside, Marxist agitators stirred discontent among landless peasants. In Calcutta, they won big pay increases for 1,000,000 tea, jute, textile and engineering workers. To make sure that no one interfered with the Marxists' tough tactics, Party Boss Jyoti Basu saw to it that Bengali police were deeply infiltrated by the party faithful. The political shenanigans soon led to a breakdown of law and order throughout the state.

Socialist Indira Gandhi, who has no great love for the Marxists, suspended rather than dissolved the Assembly. That tactic rules out quick elections, which the Marxists had hoped to win. Instead, other parties will have a chance to try to form a new government.

Basu last week warned darkly that if his Marxists are not included, "there will be bloodshed all over the state." No one doubts Basu's potential for mayhem—or the grim appropriateness of Rudyard Kipling's description of Calcutta, written nearly a century ago:

... above the packed and pestilential town,
Death looked down.

* The Marxists are the smaller of two branches of India's splintered Communist Party. The main branch, which claims 75,000 members, leans toward Moscow. The Marxist Party, with 55,000 members, was originally aligned with Peking, but it broke the tie in 1966 when it decided that China's insistent call for armed revolution in India was premature.

AUSTRALIA

A Moving Carpet

"There are millions of them!" gasped a policeman in rural Ouyen, deep in Australia's richest grain and grazing country. "You can't drive at more than 20 miles an hour, because if you had to brake, you'd skid and turn over. There are that many of them on the road." Not only on the roads but in wheat paddocks, barns and pantries across huge stretches of Victoria and New South Wales, hordes of field mice now form what one farmer calls "a moving carpet." The rampaging rodents, product of a rare combination of a big wheat surplus and optimum ground temperatures

DAVID MOORE—LIFE



MICE DEVOURING VICTORIA WHEAT
Also, an 18,000-hole golf course.

for breeding, constitute the worst such plague in Australia since 1939.

In Ouyen, tin guards on the legs of hospital beds protect patients from the rodents, and wags joke that they now have the world's only 18,000-hole golf course. Some farmers, their fields chewed to stubble, have been forced to feed their sheep by hand. Set out in barnyards, baited, water-filled drums fill up with as many as 1,000 drowned mice a night. Yet so far not even Victoria's Vermin and Noxious Weeds Destruction Board has come up with a really effective solution. One woman whose supply of the Pill was eaten by mice only half jokingly proposed birth control as a long-range solution. Officials, however, were placing their faith in the first chill of the Australian winter—but that was still many weeks off.

Buy Goodyear for mileage. they're on so

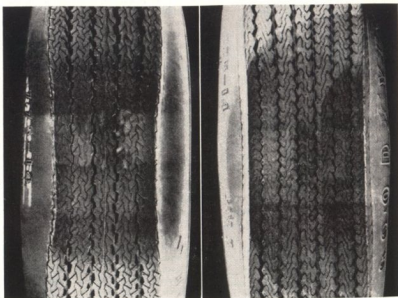
Long mileage is one of the big reasons why Goodyear's Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire is standard or optional equipment on most 1970 car models.

How do they get that mileage?
They fight squirm.

When a tire rolls, with the weight of your car on it, the tread grooves tend to squeeze together as they meet the road. All the time the tire is rolling, the grooves are closing when they meet the ground and opening as they leave. So the tread squirms — scrubbing itself away against the pavement.

A conventional bias-ply tire has no way to resist that squirming, but a Goodyear Polyglas tire has two tough fiberglass belts underneath the tread to reinforce it. These belts act like hoops around the tire and hold the tread firm to help fight squirm.

That's why they give you better tread mileage.



CONVENTIONAL 2-PLY TIRE

POLYGLAS TIRE

This is a photograph of a conventional bias-ply tire rolling over a sheet of glass. Look at the squirm. The tread grooves close up and the shoulders curve inwards. There is more tread wear and less traction.

This Polyglas tire is rolling over the same sheet of glass as the bias-ply tire on the left. As you can see, the tread grooves stay open and the shoulders are straighter. So there is less tread wear and more traction.

Polyglas tires

You'll see why

many 1970 cars.

Better grip, too.

When tread grooves stay open, the tread grips better. Especially in the wet. So you'll feel the difference when you brake and when you corner.

We tested the Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire (the one that comes on so many 1970 models) against our conventional 2-ply Power Cushion tire. We put them on identical cars on a wet road. Then we braked them from 45 mph. The Polyglas tires cut 32 feet off the stop-

ping distance. Almost two car lengths. Could make all the difference.

51 million test miles.

The things we do on our Texas Proving Grounds just shouldn't happen to a tire. Polyglas tires have run 40 million test miles there—and another 11 million on laboratory test wheels.

Since 1967, when we started selling Polyglas tires, they've run *billions* of miles on automobiles all over America. You never saw so many satisfied customers.

If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.

If you want to get the benefit of all this testing and experience, make sure you get Polyglas tires and nothing else. Look for the name on the sidewall. Polyglas is a registered Goodyear trademark.

What do they cost?

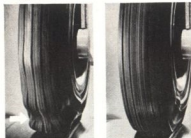
The seven types of Polyglas tires now made by Goodyear range from \$35 to \$71 a tire. (Tax included—plus your old tire as a trade-in. These

are Goodyear Service Store prices. Tires are competitively priced at Goodyear dealers.)

Which Polyglas tire you choose depends on your needs. (For example, the Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire can give you up to 40,000 miles of wear, depending on your driving habits and the condition of your car.)

Like more facts?

A fact booklet about the testing behind the Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire is available. Just write to Goodyear, Dept. 805R, Akron, Ohio 44316.



We've run these tires in our laboratories at exaggerated speeds (under rated conditions) so you can see how bad tread squirm can get. The bias-ply tire (on the left) is badly distorted. The Polyglas tire is doing fine. That's how much difference the fiberglass belts on the Polyglas tires can make.



GOOD YEAR

Polyglas, Custom Power Cushion, Custom Wide Tread

—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

PEOPLE

In his first movie starring role, he gets to play a nude scene with **Ann-Margret**—written by her husband **Roger Smith**. And **Joe Namath** seems a bit nervous about his part in a motorcycle epic called *C.C. Ryder & Company*. On a TV show Broadway Joe asked Smith: "Doesn't the thought of having me do a nude scene with your wife bother you?" "Well, yes," allowed Smith. "On those days, I leave the set."

In parakiting, the water skier becomes airborne when his trailing parachute pops open. High above Acapulco Bay, the Secretary was doing just fine in his first try at this bold new sport. Then the tow rope from the speedboat snapped, leaving ex-Paratrooper **Robert Finch** to plunge 150 ft. into the drink. "It was great for my education," said the HEW boss, "but not for my health and welfare."

On the grounds that their name was too difficult to spell and pronounce, the couple petitioned Los Angeles County Superior Court for a legal change of cognomen. *Laugh-In's* blonde giggler, **Goldie Hawn**, came to court with her Greek-born producer husband as Mr. and Mrs. Kostas Trichonis. They emerged as Mr. and Mrs. Gus Trikonis.

Paris' *beau monde* turned out 100 strong to say farewell to Ambassador **Sargent Shriver**. While **Jackie Onassis'** appearance at the embassy gala caused little stir, many were surprised to see her husband in tow. Exclaimed one well-endowed young lady after her first encounter with Ari: "My God, he's short! He stares right into the bosom."

The turreted Gothic mansion at Henley-on-Thames used to be a Salesian Sisters' convent. Now the 35-acre estate will ring not to hymns but to a different sound of music. Beatle **George Harrison**



NAMATH & ANN-MARGRET
A husband's retreat.

and Wife Pattie have traded in their ranch-style Surrey bungalow and bought the 30-room domain for \$336,000.

Assailing the views of Vice President Agnew at an alumni banquet, Yale President **Kingman Brewster** delivered himself of some convoluted prose worthy of Spiro himself: "Perhaps the greatest contribution we can make is to reaffirm in the face of those who would seek to coerce conformity that practical progress relies most of all on the evolution of the better by the survival of the fittest among ideas tossed in the blanket of debate, dispute and disagreement."

After declining to take a bow at the Thai boxing matches in Bangkok, Novelist **Philip Roth** could not resist a dig

at a bestselling rival. "Now if I were **Norman Mailer**," said the author of *Portnoy's Complaint*, "I'd be up in the ring after the first bout, kicking away at the boxers in golf shoes." Roth, who admits that his taxes have risen meteorically as a result of *Portnoy*, complained: "Every month I get a letter from the Government saying 'Congratulations! You have just sponsored another B-52 raid on Viet Nam.'"

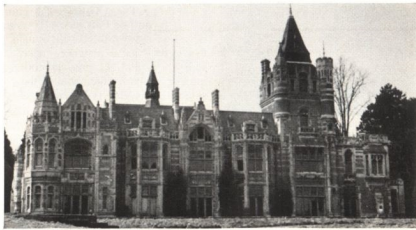
At a party for film makers in the U.S. embassy residence in Buenos Aires, **Jack Valenti** of the Motion Picture Association of America presented a print of the movie *The Scarlet Empress* to Ambassador **John Davis Lodge**. *Empress*, a 1934 swashbuckler about Catherine the Great, starred **Marlene Dietrich** and a long-haired cavalier few friends would now recognize as balding Ambassador Lodge.

What, no kippers or scrambled eggs? Their omission from the breakfast menu of the crack Brighton-London express provoked a near mutiny of prominent commuters, among them Actors **Sir Laurence Olivier** and **Sir John Clements**. "I got the shock of my life," protested Clements. "Sir Laurence is a great kipper man, and I couldn't even get brown-bread toast." Actress **Joan Plowright** said of her husband Sir Laurence: "He considers scrambled eggs healthy. As far as he is concerned, fried eggs are just not healthy."

"We've heard a lot about a Southern strategy," said **Richard Nixon**, the straight man. "Now tell me, do we have a Southern strategy?" "No, *suh*, Mr. President," replied **Spiro Agnew**. Then the audience at Washington's Gridiron Club banquet heard a piano recital of golden oldies by the Dick and Spiro combo. The President pounded out a medley including *Home on the Range*, *The Missouri Waltz* and *The Eyes of Texas*. But his partner kept drowning him out with *Dixie*.



GEORGE HARRISON



GOthic MANSION AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES
Ringing to a different sound of music.



Five years ago we brought you a camera that takes the guesswork out of fine photography. *You made Honeywell Pentax a classic.*

Only continuing acceptance by discriminating users can make a product a classic.

Most products—even those in the higher price range—depend on “cosmetic” changes to maintain appeal. How many fine watches, automobiles—or cameras—can you name that are so inherently superior they maintain leadership with essentially their original design?

The Honeywell Spotmatic that “took the guesswork out of fine photography” when it was introduced five years ago, is still the world’s best-selling fine camera.

And this classic hasn’t rested on its laurels. Inside, the Spotmatic has been improved and refined. A total of more than 140 modifications have been made since its introduction. These subtle, but significant, changes provide even greater perfection and satisfaction in use.

The “classics” have one thing in common: Simplicity.

Operating the Spotmatic is simplicity itself. There is so much professional know-how built into the Spotmatic that it has been called

the computer camera. This means you’re free to concentrate on subject matter and composition. Whether you’re an advanced hobbyist or a beginner, Spotmatic makes you a better photographer than you thought you were.

Perfect exposure every time.

Unlike other built-in metering systems, the Spotmatic meter measures the light through the taking aperture of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds exactly to the image at the film plane. With Spotmatic, you see what you get...and you get what you see. Perfect exposures, every time.

You can feel—even hear—the difference!

Visit your Honeywell photo dealer and get the feel of a Pentax. So classically functional, it feels as if it were made just for your hands. Aim it. You’ll see how easy it is to control the diaphragm ring and center the exposure meter needle without removing your eye from the viewfinder. Cock it. Snap it. Listen to the shutter. Compare the sound to other cameras—the pro-

fessionals instinctively judge camera quality this way.

Honeywell Pentax isn’t just a fine camera—it’s a system of fine photography.

Your precision Spotmatic will take a lifetime of fine photos. And there are 27 superb, matched Takumar lenses to help you keep growing, photographically.

And see these other fine products at your Honeywell Photo Dealer: Strobunar Flash. Rollei—another camera classic. Elmo—quality movie cameras. And new Preview Projectors.

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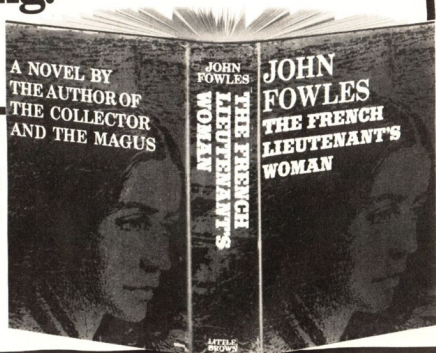
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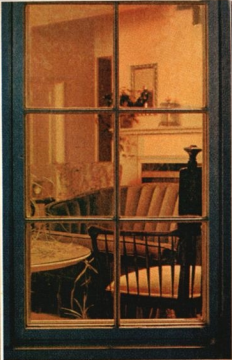
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stands out...the
runaway bestseller
that all America is
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3rd big printing
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A Literary Guild
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Little, Brown





Windows to keep warm by.

Outside, it's freezing cold. And getting colder. The wind is howling at the windows.

But inside, it's warm as toast.

That's the beauty of living in a house with Andersen Windows.

They keep you warm because they're made of wood . . . nature's best insulator.

Not only do they seal out winter weather, they resist frosting and condensation, too. And because they're so tightly constructed, they save you up to 15% on annual heating costs. (A nice warm dividend for the man who pays the bills.)

What about storm windows? You won't need to bother with them, if you order your Andersen Windows with welded insulating glass.

For more information about Andersen wood windows or our new Perma-Shield® windows (with vinyl clad exteriors that don't need painting), see your local lumber dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. Or send for our free 16-page booklet, "How to Get Good Windows."

Write: Andersen Corporation, Bayport, Minnesota 55003.

Andersen WindowsTM
Window beauty is Andersen Andersen Corp., Bayport, Minnesota 55003





Buick Skylark Custom

Something to believe in.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION



This is what happens when Buick mixes excitement with craftsmanship.

This is the 1970 Buick Skylark Custom.

Exciting? If looks alone don't get you, consider the standard equipment.

A 260 horsepower, 350 cubic inch V8 is standard. It runs on regular gas.

Fiberglass belted tires that provide longer tire life and better traction are standard, too.

So are hidden windshield wipers, and a radio antenna that's concealed in the windshield for uncluttered, unbroken styling. Deep foam-cushioned seats and wall-to-wall carpeting are standard as well.

The result? More comfort and more beauty.

But excitement aside, never forget that this is a Buick. Built with traditional Buick craftsmanship and product integrity. That's the reason behind Buick features like side guard beam construction for more strength and confidence and an Acrylic lacquer finish that's put on six coats deep for shimmering beauty that lasts and lasts.

The 1970 Buick Skylark Custom. Built to make it a pleasure to drive. Built to give you something to believe in.

Wouldn't you really rather have a **Buick.**

Menace in Moon Soil?

When scientists selected some bacteria for experimental exposure to moon soil brought back by Apollo astronauts, *Staphylococcus aureus*, *Azobacter vinelandii* and *Pseudomonas aeruginosa* seemed to be well-qualified choices. All three species are exceptionally tough. They thrive in and around man, displaying extraordinary ability at resisting his antibiotic weapons and adapting well to other environmental challenges. Thus, microbiologists at NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center last week were still baffled by the fate of the hardy organisms. After only ten hours' exposure to lunar dust from the Sea of Tranquility, the bacteria had died.

The microscopic calamity occurred in the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, where Microbiologist Gerald Taylor had been looking for signs of lunar life by exposing moon soil to hundreds of life-enriching mixtures of gases and nutrients. After 67 days in a brew called TGY—made up of an enzyme, a sugar and a yeast extract—the soil showed no signs of life, so Taylor added the three bacteria to the mix to see if lunar soil affected their growth rate. In mixtures containing surface samples from both Apollo 11 and Apollo 12 and core samples from 12, the single-celled plants continued to reproduce normally. But when Taylor used Apollo 11 core material, taken from as deep as eight inches below the surface by Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin, the bacteria encountered something lethal.

Extra Caution. What that deadly substance was, no one knows. NASA scientists point out that many plants, such as ferns and liverworts, have actually grown better in lunar soil than in terrestrial soil. One possible explanation has been offered by microbiologists at Ames Research Center in California. They suggest that the low concentrations of chromium and other trace metals in moon soil may be nutritious for some plants but deadly for the bacteria.

William Kemmerer, chief of preventive medicine at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, feels that the unknown killer in the moon soil holds no threat to human life or any usefulness as a vaccine against bacteria. But the surprising demise of the bacteria may well have contributed to the extra degree of caution displayed by NASA in planning next month's moon mission, which will take man for the first time into the more rugged and ancient lunar highlands. Although the space agency had been contemplating abolishing the post-flight isolation period for Apollo crews, it has now accepted the recommendation of the National Academy of Sciences. When the Apollo 13 astronauts return from their lunar voyage, they will be kept in isolation for the full 21-day quarantine period.



HOEBEL & SMITH AT WORK
On or off almost at will.

Taming the Killer Instinct

In their wild state, rats are natural killers. The mere sight and smell of a mouse seem to trigger an unvarying response: the rat pounces on the mouse, aims for the back of its neck and kills it instantly. In recent experiments at Princeton University, scientists investigating the mechanisms involved in the rat's murderous behavior made a remarkable discovery: by injecting drugs into the rat's brain, they can turn its killer instinct on or off almost at will.

Message Flow. The researchers concentrated their attention on a small area at the base of the brain called the hypothalamus, which plays a part in governing such functions as hunger, sexual behavior, fear and rage—in man as well as in rats. Suspecting that the hypothalamus is also implicated in the rat's aggressiveness, Psychologist Melvyn B. King, then a Princeton graduate student, carefully probed the region with electrodes, until he found one distinct site of the killer trait. Next, King and his colleagues—another graduate student named Douglas E. Smith and their professor, Bartley G. Hoebel—selected several laboratory-bred rats that had no apparent killer instinct; they had coexisted in cages with mice without ever harming them. The scientists implanted tubes into the appropriate point in the hypothalamus of the pacifist rats and fed in small doses of a chemical that promoted the flow of "messages" along the pathway of neurons, or nerve cells, involved in the killing behavior. Such substances, known as cholinomimetics, work by mimicking the action of chemicals found normally in the nervous system.

The reaction of the pacifist rats was untypically violent. Placed inside a cage with a mouse, they quickly became restless. Their hair bristled, some salivated. Within the hour, most struck at the smaller creature, killing it with a single hard bite through the cervical spinal cord. Thus, even though they had never killed before, or even seen a killing, they behaved exactly like wild rats for the duration of the drug's effectiveness.

Instant Pacifists. If such violence could be unleashed chemically, the researchers reasoned, it might also be chemically contained. Repeating the experiment with known killer rats, they used another agent, methyl atropine, which has a different effect on the neurons: it blocks the message pathway. As expected, the killers became almost instant pacifists. They did no more than poke their noses at the mouse, sniff it and follow it peacefully around the cage until the drug wore off.

The Princeton experimenters emphasize that they are still largely ignorant about the basic biochemical mechanisms behind the rat's behavior. They cannot yet explain, for example, why some laboratory rats are born pacifists, while most of their kin are born killers. Nonetheless, the results could lead to similar experiments with other species. If the killer instinct can be chemically controlled in a creature as complex as the rodent, some day such aggressiveness may well be tamed in man. Indeed, among those who are apparently interested in that possibility is one of the sponsors of the Princeton research: the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

The Bomb Sniffer

Placed unobtrusively among the other notices that appeared in the columns of the Government publication *Commerce Business Daily* last week was an intriguing appeal. The U.S. Department of Transportation was calling for proposals to develop equipment that could spot and quickly identify "dynamite and other explosive vapors diffusing out of closed baggage." The implication of the notice was plain. Alarmed by the recent rash of bombings, on the ground and in the air, the Government is stepping up its efforts to encourage the design and manufacture of an effective bomb detector.

Fortunately, work on such a device does not have to start from scratch. Much of the know-how has already been accumulated by a Chicago lab called the Olfactronics and Odor Science Center, part of the Illinois Institute of Technology Research Institute. Under a \$300,000 grant from the Federal Aviation Administration, the smell researchers have developed a prototype "bomb sniffer" that scents incriminating odors with all the dispatch of a highly trained bloodhound. In fact, the system has so impressed the Israelis that they have adapted and improved the design for their own harassed airliners, though

they have not officially acknowledged the use of such a detector.

Detecting explosives by the vapors they give off is based on one of the stock-in-trade techniques of the modern scientific laboratory: chromatography, an analytical tool invented 64 years ago by an obscure Russian botanist named Mikhail Semenovich Tsvett. While trying to separate certain plant pigments, Tsvett discovered that they could be differentiated easily by letting a mixture wash down the side of a column of limestone. The pigments—each sticking to the surface in a characteristic way—flowed down the stone at markedly different rates, enabling Tsvett to distinguish them from one another. Over the years, chromatography has been refined to separate countless other substances—colorless as well as colored, vapors as well as liquids.

Golden Tube. The target of the chromatographic detective work performed by the bomb sniffer is the vapor from a chemical called ethylene glycol dinitrate (EGDN), one of the principal components of emissions given off by dynamite. With the aid of a small internal fan, the detector samples air in the vicinity of a suspect object and passes the vapors over a modern equivalent of Tsvett's limestone—a rough gold-plated copper surface that has a special affinity for EGDN. As the molecules adhere to it, their concentration increases. The special surface is then heated to 176° to 194° F., causing it to release its cargo of molecules. Conveyed by an inert gas, argon, into a tube made of pure gold, the molecules are concentrated even further. Finally, the telltale vapors are swept into the chromatograph itself. Adjusted to respond only to their known flow-rate, the detector's built-in electronic signaling mechanism quickly touches off an alarm. The system is so sensitive and accurate that it can detect EGDN vapors in air that carries only one part in a billion. Elapsed sniffing time: less than four minutes.

The project's chief engineer, Jay Fishman, is convinced that the device can be used not only to comb luggage compartments in aircraft but also to detect explosives in large office buildings, dangerous gases in mines, and other perilous material in any locale where there might be blasts—accidental or otherwise. Hoping that such sniffers can be further improved, the FAA itself has not yet approved the detectors. It is also hedging its bets by sponsoring development of related devices like magnetic-anomaly detectors that can spot pistols and metal-encased bombs by the disturbances they create in magnetic fields. Indeed, only a few months ago, the FAA started installing the first of such devices at major airports and posted warnings to would-be terrorists and hijackers indicating that their weapons were under electronic surveillance. The posters had such a powerful effect that attendants began finding discarded pistols in airport trash baskets.

THE LAW

A Better Way to Pick Supreme Court Justices?

The Judges of the Supreme Court of the land must be not only great jurists, they must be great constructive statesmen.

—Theodore Roosevelt, 1902

To hear most legal authorities tell it, the nation's 14th Republican President has forgotten the standards proclaimed by the eighth. Upset by the thought of G. Harrold Carswell on the Supreme Court, some experts have revived an old and fascinating question: Is there

deliberations. Yet the A.B.A. committee generally represents a narrow segment of successful lawyers, and it has never turned down a Supreme Court nominee. Most scholars argue that any such commission would be more likely than a President to rule out unconventional candidates.

Wisdom and Growth. Another idea is direct popular election, a scheme that would force the entire nation to take a close look at the nominee. Judges are elected in approximately 82% of the nation's state and local courts, but real contests are rare, and active politicking by judges is usually regarded as improper. Moreover, the financial pressures of a national election campaign might well make Justices beholden to special interests.

All in all, most legal experts agree that the best idea is to make the present system really work. How? The Supreme Court is, after all, a political as well as judicial body. In some ways, the court's chief problem is knowing when to act and when to defer to the other branches of government—state and federal. A Justice's strictly legal competence may thus be less important than his political wisdom, respect for all groups and capacity to grow under the court's intense moral and intellectual pressures.

When Carswell's critics complain that he is judicially incompetent, they are really making two charges. Even more than Clement Haynsworth, they feel Carswell



"And here, judge, are some of your predecessors on the court..."

no better way to pick members of the world's most influential tribunal?

Article II of the Constitution calls for presidential selection "with the advice and consent" of the Senate, but reformers have repeatedly sought specific criteria. Save for Earl Warren, President Eisenhower insisted on men who had served as lower-court judges, and in the mid-1950s, several Senators introduced a bill to make court experience mandatory. Yet this plan would have excluded from the Supreme Court nearly all previous Chief Justices, including the great John Marshall, plus many distinguished Associate Justices.

Since the Eisenhower Administration, Attorneys General have asked the American Bar Association's Committee on the Federal Judiciary to pass on the qualifications of potential nominees. Variants of the so-called "Missouri plan" would give similar panels even more responsibility; a President could pick only from men selected during the panels' theoretically nonpartisan

lacks the political acumen to cope wisely with the issues of a combustible era—in particular racial discrimination. And unlike Haynsworth, they regard Carswell as deficient in basic legal skills. When Carswell boasts that he never accepted a fee while on the bench, they reply: "Who on earth would pay him one?"

For his part, a President is perfectly justified in picking Justices to advance his political mandate. A chief executive who did not would be, as Professor Wright puts it, "unfaithful to democratic theory and derelict in his duty."

When it comes to Supreme Court appointments, though, some Presidents have failed to distinguish between high and low politics. Justices do not leave at the end of a presidential term; they stay on the bench as long as they wish to—shaping the nation for years. Thus picking good men requires a high order of presidential disinterest. Ultimately, says Yale Law Professor Fred Rodell, "the way to get better Supreme Court Justices is to elect better Presidents."

He and She Whisky.



It's Canadian MacNaughton:
the one whisky you can both
call your own.

Because it's deliciously light,
smooth and mellow for every
young taste.

Yet it's still a premium
86.8 proof.

With a price that's as easy to
take as the taste.

So, when you drink together,
drink Canadian MacNaughton.

It's twice as good that way.

Imported
Canadian MacNaughton



The little rich car for people who aren't rich.

The \$1,994¹ Hornet may stand bare of even a single extra-cost option, but it stands unashamed.

It's a paragon of luxury compared to the spartanism of other compact cars.

Contrast the Hornet's power with the top-selling compact car, for example.

You'll find that the Hornet comes with a 199 cubic inch engine that is 29 cubic inches larger and 23 horsepower stronger.

The Hornet also has 5 inches more wheelbase, a wider front and rear track, bigger wheels and bigger tires.

All of which explains why the Hornet's ride is closer to that of a big car.

The Hornet has a generous interior, allowing room for 5 passengers.

Their legs enjoy 5 inches more room in the rear; their hips are even more fortunate: 7 inches more rear hip room.

Yet there is still more room in the Hornet's trunk: 11.2 cubic feet to 10.4.

Even the Hornet's gas tank and battery are larger: 19 gallons to 16² gallons, 50 amps to 45 amps.

And in the Union 76 Performance Trials the Hornet beat Chevy Nova, Dodge Dart Swinger, Ford Maverick and the Plymouth Valiant Duster in fuel economy and acceleration.

The Hornet continues to assert its superiority when it comes to such refinements as high-level ventilation.

It's the only compact car that makes this feature available.



\$1,994¹

The little rich car for people who are.

And it does so at no extra cost.

The Hornet gives you a step-on parking brake and a counter-balanced hood. No little rich car could settle for a pull-handle parking brake and a prop-up hood.

Nor could the Hornet afford to overlook a detail like a glove box.

But as rich as this little rich car is, you still have the flexibility to make it a little richer.

So we offer an optional 145 horsepower, 232 cubic inch 6 cylinder engine.

Should you prefer a V-8, the Hornet SST makes a 304 cubic inch engine available to you.

You have the choice of a 4-door model.

And if you want optional individual reclining seats, power disc brakes, power steering and a

vinyl roof on the Hornet SST, you can have them.

But you can't have them on just any compact car.

So you see, when we designed the Hornet, we didn't discriminate.

On the one hand you have a car a miser could love.

On the other, a car a spendthrift could love.

 **American Motors**
Hornet

1. \$1,994 manufacturers' suggested retail price, Hornet 2-door, options excluded.
\$3,584, Hornet SST 4-door (\$3,621 in California) with all regular factory installed options except disc brakes. Federal taxes included: state, local taxes, destination charges excluded on both models.
2. Advantage is 16 gallons to 14 for California cars.



\$3,584¹



It sounds a lot better than it looks.

It's not easy to make great furniture. But it's a lot harder to make great sound. And great sound depends on what you can't see. The stuff inside.

Like our sealed air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound. They let you sit almost anywhere in the room and still get the full stereo effect.

And our all-transistor AM/FM tuner that turns on instantly. Picks up weak stations more clearly. And gives you greater selectivity.

And our solid-state amplifier with 50 watts of peak music power that is perfectly matched to the speaker system. So it helps prevent distortion at any sound level.

And the Garrard Custom II automatic turntable with precision tone arm that tracks flawlessly for smooth, distortion-free sound.

But just because it sounds great is no reason it shouldn't look great. So we've come up with a new idea.

Each of these beautiful consoles contains a speaker system. One holds the turntable, and the amplifier/tuner. The other has record space.

You put them where you want—for best listening, or for best looking. You can even use them for end tables. But don't be fooled by the looks. They sound a lot better.

SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



JOHNSON



FREUND



SEGAL

Considering the Alternatives

Who besides G. Harrold Carswell could Nixon have selected for the Supreme Court? This week's *LIFE* magazine presents nine "people the President could feel comfortable in picking if he widened his field beyond narrowly geographic or partisan considerations." Proposed by judges, scholars and bar officials, they have varying political attitudes. Most, however, are disposed to a less activist role for the court than was typical of the Warren years, and unlike Carswell, they would not be open to charges of racism and incompetence. Among the list's conspicuous omissions are Solicitor General Erwin Griswold (probably because of his

ranking woman jurist on the federal bench. The Republicans:

► **Bernard Segal**, 62, the loquacious, energetic American Bar Association president. A wealthy Philadelphia lawyer and an opponent of some forms of civil disobedience, Segal in the mid-1960s was co-chairman of a committee that dispatched civil rights lawyers to Mississippi.

► **William Coleman**, 47, whom Justice Felix Frankfurter picked as the first Negro law clerk in the history of the Supreme Court. Now senior partner in a Philadelphia law firm, Coleman is on the U.S. delegation to the United Na-



COLEMAN



BREITEL



HUFSTEDLER

age—65). Secretary of State William Rogers, who was Attorney General during part of the Eisenhower Administration, and North Carolina's Senator Sam Ervin, who is respected by his fellow Senators as a constitutional expert but is a Democrat.

The list includes three other Democrats Nixon would be unlikely to appoint whatever their qualifications: Harvard Law Professor Paul Freund, a leading constitutional scholar and perennial court possibility; Columbia Law Professor Herbert Wechsler, a chief draftsman of the Model Penal Code and director of the American Law Institute; and Shirley Hufstедler, a California-based judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals who is currently the highest-

ranking woman jurist on the federal bench. The Republicans:

► **Charles Breitler**, 61, associate judge of the New York State Court of Appeals. A close associate of 1948 Republican Presidential Candidate Thomas Dewey, Breitler, *LIFE* says, is "an outstanding expert on criminal procedure, generally a strict conservative on the limits of court intervention, and like Chief Justice Warren Burger, a longtime prominent advocate of penal reform."

► **Edward Gignoux**, 53, U.S. district judge for the state of Maine. Known far beyond Maine because he fills in on other district courts when his own case load lightens, Gignoux is outstanding for his calm judicial temperament and widely respected opinions.

► **Charles Alan Wright**, 42, law professor at the University of Texas and author of a definitive work on federal courts. Despite his youth, Wright is a member of the Council of the American Law Institute and the U.S. Judicial Conference's standing committee on rules of practice and procedure. He was a vigorous supporter of Haynsworth.

► **Frank M. Johnson**, 51, U.S. district judge for southeastern Alabama. One of the first Southern judges to enforce the Supreme Court's 1954 school-desegregation decision, Johnson (*TIME* cover, May 12, 1967) is a scrupulously fair legal craftsman who has helped strengthen the forces of Southern moderation. No liberal save by right-wing Southern standards, he has followed the Supreme Court despite intense local pressure, sat on courts that abolished the Alabama poll tax and handed down the nation's first order requiring a state to reapportion voting districts. He is probably the finest Southern Republican trial judge of his generation.

Liberty in Privacy

In Indiana several years ago, a wife settled a fight with her husband by having him arrested for sodomy, "the abominable crime against nature" that is forbidden by nearly all the 50 states. Result: the husband received a maximum 14-year prison sentence for doing what many people now regard as unobjectionable. Fortunately for him, a federal court of appeals reversed his conviction, implying that Indiana's anti-sodomy law itself might well be unconstitutional.

A three-judge federal court in Texas has now made that implication explicit by throwing out Texas' sodomy statute as an unconstitutional invasion of privacy. At issue was a suit by a Dallas homosexual who was seeking to set aside the statute under which he had been arrested for sodomy in public rest rooms. What preoccupied the court, though, was an intervention by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gibson, a Dallas carpenter and his wife, who joined the homosexual's case in order to determine whether sodomy is legal for married heterosexuals.

The opinion, written by U.S. District Judge Sarah Hughes, cited the Supreme Court's decision in *Griswold v. Connecticut* (1965), which held that a constitutional right of privacy protects married couples from prosecution for using contraceptives. "Sodomy is probably offensive to the vast majority of people," wrote Judge Hughes, but that is "not sufficient reason for the state to encroach upon the liberty of married persons in their private conduct."

Judge Hughes' decision, which will probably inspire similar suits in other states, left Texas with no significant laws against sodomy. But not for long. Noting that the judge avoided any specific ruling on sodomy in public places, the Dallas city council immediately passed an ordinance making that act a crime. Houston has just followed Dallas' example.



GIGNOUX



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MEDICINE

The Crisis in Health Care

Medical care in the U.S. is more a collection of bits and pieces with overlapping duplication, great gaps, high costs and wasted effort than an integrated system in which needs and efforts are closely related.

—Health Manpower Commission, 1967

That somber conclusion is shared by the Senate Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization, which has spent the past two years assessing the state of medical care in the U.S. Under the direction of Chairman Abraham Ribicoff, the subcommittee listened to scores of doctors, hospital administrators and Government bureaucrats. Their testimony adds up to a dismal tale of extravagant inefficiency, of reliance on slogans rather than thoughtful, effective solutions to the pressing health problems of the nation. As a result, although the U.S. is the richest country in the world, it ranks 18th in infant mortality and 22nd in longevity.

Family Doctor. Such statistics strongly suggest that the system of private health care is on the verge of crisis. In a 500-page report to be released next month, the subcommittee notes that one reason the poor receive improper care—or none at all—is simply the growing shortage of doctors. According to the report, to provide all the physicians needed (an estimated 600,000) would cost the U.S. \$1.2 billion a year until 1985. Meantime, the country has become dependent on an influx of foreign doctors, who account for 20% of the new physicians licensed every year.

The symptoms of the health-care shortage are ever more obvious. For the affluent it becomes harder to get an im-

mediate appointment to see a doctor for anything short of an emergency. For the poor, the hospital emergency room has become a kind of "family doctor." Yet the Federal Government has spent enormous sums on health care. With passage of the Comprehensive Health Planning and Services Act in 1966, federal spending has soared from \$5.9 billion to \$16.6 billion in fiscal 1969, and the direction is ever upwards.

The fault, according to the subcom-

mittee, is the lack of a national health policy to provide form and direction to federal health programs. Under the current setup, even HEW's Dr. Roger O. Egeberg, the nation's top health officer, has effective control over only 22% of his department's budget. To consolidate health programs, the subcommittee has called for a council of health advisers similar to the agencies now dealing with economic and environmental matters.

Empty Beds. Competition between different departments and agencies of Government makes for enormous waste, says the Ribicoff report. In Vallejo, Calif., for example, one hospital received a \$607,000 grant under the Hill-Burton hospital-construction program. Meantime, another hospital received a \$380,000 loan from the Small Business Administration to expand its facilities. The result: so many beds that half of them are usually empty. In San Francisco, inter-service rivalry between the Army and the Navy resulted in the construction of separate hospitals. The cost to the taxpayer was an extra \$10 million in building costs and \$8.2 million each year in operating expense.

More than anything, the report emphasizes the need for a review of the whole system as a prelude to a fresh approach to public health. Too often in the past, the federal remedy for any ill has been to appropriate more money. That cure is no longer effective. As Dr. James A. Shannon, former director of the National Institutes of Health, told the subcommittee: "It is clear that a simple extension of present activities, coupled with further patchwork approaches to critical needs now apparent, will provide no long-term solution."

REVSTONE

Mr. Pregnant

This bizarre poster is part of a new campaign in Britain to reduce the number of illegitimate births, which have more than doubled in the past ten years. Dr. William Jones, director of the Health Education Council, hopes that copies of the poster, which are now on display in some 1,000 Family Planning Association clinics throughout Britain, will minimize male irresponsibility. As he puts it: "Men must become more concerned about the girl who can all too often be left quite literally holding the baby."

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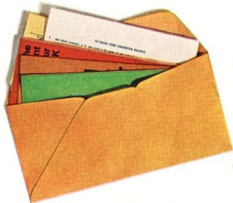
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THE PRESS

Woman-Power

Newsweek's cover story on "Women in Revolt" was scarcely on the stands when 46 women researchers, reporters and the magazine's one woman writer staged a revolt of their own. They complained to the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that they are "systematically discriminated against in both hiring and promotion and are forced to assume a subsidiary role simply because they are women." *Newsweek's* women were particularly incensed because the magazine had commissioned a freelance woman writer to do the Women's Liberation cover story. Osborn Elliott, *Newsweek's* editor in chief, said that most of his researchers

They presented *Journal* editors with plans for an issue of the magazine they wanted turned over to them. The cover showed an obviously pregnant woman carrying a sign reading UNPAID LABOR; the suggested articles included "How to Get an Abortion," "Must Your Child Keep You from a Career?" "Prostitution and the Law." The *Journal* had been chosen for attack, said a liberated spokeswoman, "because for six months we had suggested they do an article on women's liberation," and because the magazine depicts women as "totally passive, ever-suffering second-class citizens."

One weekly on the scene, Downe's *Family Weekly* research director, Eli Belil, was moved to retort: "Turn yourself off, baby. If you don't like the mag-



CARTER SURROUNDED BY "LIBERATORS"
Scaling new piques.

are women because of a "newsmagazine tradition going back almost 50 years." He was quick to add, however, that he was not unwilling to alter tradition.

Immediate Stop. Until recently, the rebellious restlessness of women in journalism had rarely surfaced. Last summer a female sportswriter sued to gain access to the press box at a professional football game; a feature writer won the right to withhold her byline from "wives-of-famous-men" assignments. And three months ago, women staffers ousted the male hierarchy of the underground and pornographic newspaper, *Rat*.

But last week the movement scaled new piques when more than 100 mod- and trouser-clad feminists marched into the fifth floor Manhattan headquarters of Downe Communications, publishers of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The women (who represented a variety of Liberation groups) demanded "an immediate stop to the publication of articles that are irrelevant, unstimulating and demeaning to the women of America."

azine, don't read it." Undaunted, an obstinate group of 30 hunkered down to a day-long vigil in Editor John Mack Carter's office. Although he had learned of the visitation a day in advance, the only precaution the editor had taken was to wear a TV-blue shirt for the occasion. He also demonstrated extraordinary patience by hearing the suffragettes out for some eleven hours.

Finally he announced that he had agreed to "consider" letting the group create a special eight-page Liberation supplement for a future issue. "Although they have a point," he said, "they can't have my job." Other *Journal* editors were not so quick to see the merit of it all. "Any group that can come in here and behave like this," said Lenore Hershey, the only woman among the magazine's three managing editors, "is not competent to put out a magazine." Yet the *Journal's* slogan has long been, "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman." At week's end—to editors everywhere—it had never seemed so apt.

Populist at the Movies

A visitor to O'Rourke's pub in Chicago's Old Town had no trouble recognizing most of the poster-size photographs on the walls: James Joyce, Samuel Beckett, Brendan Behan, Sean O'Casey, George Bernard Shaw. But whose was the mildly cherubic visage staring out of the sixth photo? "Oh," said the barkeep without elaboration, "that's Roger . . . you know, Roger Ebert."

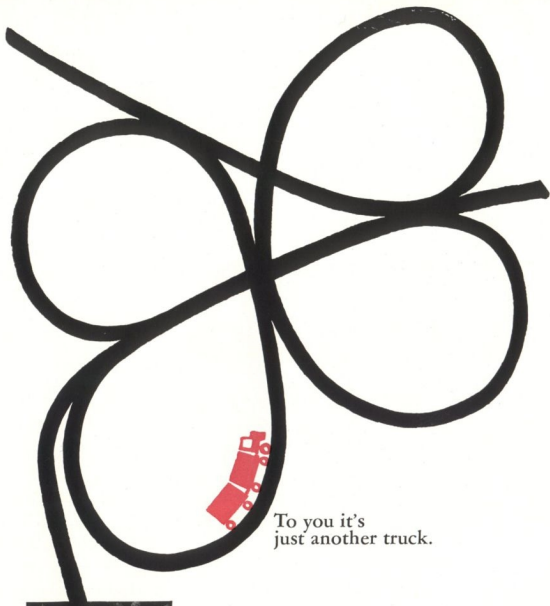
For those who don't know—a classification that nowadays excludes most of the population of Chicago—Roger Ebert is the young (27), brash film critic of the city's sprightly tabloid, the *Sun-Times*. Ebert's chatty, erudite reviews—abetted after hours at O'Rourke's by a repertory of trade union songs, trivia recollections and Irish anecdotes, boisterously rendered at a drop of Tullamore Dew—have elevated him to what *Saturday Review* Film Critic and Friend Arthur Knight calls "a cultural resource of the community."

Different Yardstick. The phrase fits. Ebert is a community critic; he is not, as he disdainfully phrases it, "an emissary from some outside theory of taste." He prefers "movies" to "films," and laments the fact that the "Princess Theater" in Urbana, Ill., has been renamed "The Cinema." The comforts of critics' screenings are not for him; he favors the "democracy in the dark" afforded by a packed theater where he finds himself happily ensconced as often as ten times a week.

Ebert's detractors accuse him of liking second-rate films more than he should. Nonsense, he says. "You can take any film and criticize it for what it is not. But I believe each movie has to be judged on the level of its own ambitions. If you try to apply the same yardstick to the new Godard and the new John Wayne [two of his alltime heroes], you're probably missing the point of both films."

By those criteria, he judged *tick . . . tick . . . tick*, a movie about a black man who gets elected sheriff of a Southern town, superior to *Putney Swope*, a raucous but innovative film about a black man who takes over a white ad agency. "I know that is heresy," he wrote. "I know *Putney Swope* is the currently fashionable put-down of the Establishment. I know . . . but just the same, you should have been there in the Roosevelt Theater Saturday night. There wasn't an empty seat. The audience accepted *tick . . . tick . . . tick* with joy, laughter and applause. And the laughter was affirmative; not that whining, angry, cruel laughter you hear during *Putney Swope*."

Such unabashed populism pervades many of Ebert's columns. He has castigated horror films for sending seven-year-olds into nervous tears and deplored an "obscenely brutal" hunting film presented as "family" entertainment. But Ebert can also defend the balistic, bloody violence in *The Wild Bunch* on the grounds that, like a child's mock



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EBERT AT "SUN-TIMES"
Democracy in the dark.

shootout, it is "no more real than dozens of gunfights I have already survived in the company of Rex Allen, Hopalong Cassidy and John Wayne." Nor is he prudish when it comes to a well-turned dash of décolletage. "If there's anything drearier than a dirty movie with a false moral tacked onto it," he wrote of *491*, "it's the false moral without the dirty movie."

Freelance Profiles. In fact, it was a letter he sent in praise of "the King of the Skin Flicks," Director Russ Meyer (*Vixen*), that eventually launched Ebert on a second, parallel career—as a screenwriter. Meyer answered the letter, the two got together, and Ebert was invited to collaborate on the screenplay of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, a film that picks up where its namesake left off—and never looks back. "It's a camp sex-exploitation horror musical that ends with a quadruple ritual murder and a triple wedding," Ebert modestly explains. The writing was completed in six weeks, the shooting in ten, and the film is slated for a June debut.

Ebert is not waiting. In addition to an average of five reviews a week (distributed to more than 100 other newspapers) plus a Sunday "think piece," he does freelance profiles for the *New York Times* (Robert Mitchum, Gillo Pontecorvo, Lee Marvin, Groucho Marx) and *Esquire* (Paul Newman, Kirk Douglas and, upcoming, Lee Marvin revisited). The secret of his movie mania? Reading between the lines of one recent review provides a clue. "There once was a time," he wrote, "when movies were real. By that I mean they absorbed you so completely that you ceased to exist as an individual and literally became the hero of the movie you were watching. But that age passes when you're perhaps ten." For most reviewers, it does. Apparently not for Ebert.



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MUSIC

A Loose Federation

The way rock groups break up and reassemble these days, it sometimes seems that the entire rock world is an endless long-chain molecule. And a highly unstable one at that. Most of the talk in the pop world last year sounded as uncertain as dialogue for the comics: Look, up there on the stage, it's a duo, it's a trio—no, it's supergroup.

The premise behind the supergroup was heroic: big stars shedding their side-men to jam together in Olympian bliss. Trouble occurred when the heat from all that bliss grew unbearably intense. The promising English quartet Blind Faith (TIME, Aug. 29), made one LP, one U.S. tour, gave one concert in England, and is now all but defunct. One of its members, Stevie Winwood, is now redirecting Traffic. Another, Drummer Ginger Baker, is presently rolling a new rock band called Air Force onto the runway. Most of the time, such instability is related to rampant individuality. Rock-group togetherness requires suppression of ego. These days, everybody wants a solo to sing.

Literate Country. Take, for example, the most artful supergroup of all, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. (It has an even more corporate sound with the junior partners, Drummer Dallas Taylor and Bassist Greg Reeves.) CSN&Y (T&R) is about as loose a federation as a working partnership can be. The original four split off from previous allegiances—Crosby from the Byrds, Nash from the Hollies, Stills and Young from the Buffalo Springfield—because those amalgams got in the way of personal experimentation and creative drive. Now

they keep their CSN&Y schedule un-demanding, in order to work on pet projects of their own. All but Nash have voiced the desire to make records of their own; and Young, who has true potential for solo stardom, has already made two excellent Reprise LPs. Even on the new CSN&Y LP *Déjà Vu* (Atlantic) this individuality shines through. It is not so much that each man contributes splendid songs to the LP, but that each song is readily marked by the composer's individual style—from the literate country-rock dash of Young to the sociopolitical eloquence of Crosby.

This does not mean that when the group comes together it is not truly together. David, Stephen, Graham, Neil (Dallas and Greg) have one of the most distinctive blends in the business, a light, spidery mixture of grace and wallop. Their harmony is sometimes repetitiously modal, but flawless—tight as the Everly Brothers, soft as Simon and Garfunkel and twice as sweet. When they have something to say, they say it clearly, as with *Long Time Gone*, which Crosby wrote the day after Robert F. Kennedy was shot:

*Speak out, you got to speak out
against
the madness, you got to speak your
mind,
if you dare . . .
The darkest hour is always
just before the dawn . . .*

Hanging loose apparently pays off; CSN&Y is about as popular as a U.S. rock group can be. Prior to its release two weeks ago, *Déjà Vu* had already earned \$2,000,000 in advance orders

—an unprecedented feat at Atlantic Records, which has also produced such bestselling artists as Aretha Franklin, Led Zeppelin and Cream. Not only that, the group's first LP won the "best new artists of 1969" award at the recent Grammy Awards, the record industry's version of the Oscars. Where were the boys while all the other new groups were hopefully eying the Grammy gala? Crosby was sailing off the coast of Mexico. So was Nash. Young was touring with his own group, Crazy Horse. And Stills was in Paris making that record of his own.

The Convenient Omnibus

Record collectors have long been accustomed to a one-sided search for one particular piece in a maze of two-faced records. Is that Mozart's 40th on the flip side of Haydn's 88th? Is Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata on the other side of the Schumann Piano Concerto? Now this petty but annoying problem is all but solved. More and more companies are offering omnibus collections of great composers in one volume, uniformly boxed and carefully indexed.

Leonard Bernstein: Beethoven's Nine Symphonies (8 disks; \$35.98; Columbia). A great many complete sets of the Nine already exist: Klemperer, Karajan, Leinsdorf, Ormandy, Toscanini, Walter. But Bernstein's is the newest, and as a Beethoven interpreter he is both fiery and energetic, qualities highly necessary to this music. Calmer moments (as in the "Pastoral") now and then take on a tense, leashed-down quality that make a listener unnecessarily impatient for the storm to come. Particularly recommended to those who see Beethoven as a man with thunder in his eyes and lightning flashing from his fingertips.

Walter Gieseking: Mozart's Complete Music for Piano Solo (11 disks, 3 volumes; \$32.78; Seraphim). Gieseking's Mozartian style has slid out of fashion somewhat since these recordings were made in the early 1950s; nowadays he is considered just a bit slick and overrefined. But concert pianists, more conscious of quality than fashion, still justly envy the high gloss and exquisite workmanship of Gieseking. Seraphim's low price and lucid reproduction of the mono-only sound make the release a prize for the economy-minded.

Karl Böhm: Mozart's Complete Symphonies (7 disks; Vol. II, Symphonies 25-41; \$31.50; Deutsche Grammophon). Sleek and occasionally lacking in subtlety, Böhm's second half of the complete Mozart symphonies (the rest are scheduled for release in May) can be bettered on individual recordings by conductors like Szell, Davis or Walter. But apart from Böhm, the only first-rank conductor to produce a marathon Mozart is Erich Leinsdorf, whose performance of the symphonies (Westminster, 1967) is badly handicapped by a brassy, unresonant recording. By contrast DGG's sound is sumptuous. Though



YOUNG, CROSBY, NASH & STILLS
Yielding to pet projects, avoiding Olympian bliss.

CHRISTOPHER SPAIN/REUTERS-CAMERA



SIVUCA, PACE & BROWN

As free from plot as a bagful of rainbows.

Böhm's conducting is eminently musical, the final effect is earthbound even where the music most demands seraphic sounds.

Alan Mandel: Forty Works for the Piano by Louis Moreau Gottschalk (4 disks; \$23.25; Desto). Though not a complete collection of Gottschalk's piano works, this sizable sampling runs the gamut from the macabre to the silly, from the awesome to the danceable. Gottschalk's music is a curious and attractive blend of styles—Creole rhythms, American folk tunes, European romanticism—all transformed into brilliant display pieces for a flashy pianist. Mandel plays it all with sufficient flair—and some serious technical shortcomings. But until a better-equipped pianist decides to improve on this set, Mandel gives a sound idea of what this strange and wonderful music is all about.

The Moral the Merrier

"The black man has always known how to organize time in a joyous manner," says Oscar Brown Jr., black and joyous organizer of time. "The rhythmic beat of black music is what has gotten us through all our troubles. White people can accomplish anything they can put to words. Black people have always been able to accomplish anything they can put to the beat."

Well, almost anything. In the new off-Broadway show *Joy*, Brown aims for an evening of theater, applying the beat to a collection of soulful soliloquies—on friendship, time, women, love, Adam and Eve and, of course, joy. Called a "musical come-together," *Joy* as a stage show has no more plot than a bagful of rainbows. But on a new RCA album, relieved of the need for action and reduced to pure sound, *Joy* becomes the sunniest original-cast LP of the year, an irresistible fantasia of blues, bossa nova, jazz and mild

rock that tumbles beautifully out of living-room loudspeakers.

Savoring *Joy* only on LP rather than in the theater costs the listener a few visual delights, notably the pleasure of watching Jean Pace (Brown's wife) smile like the girls in *Vogue* wish they could and dance like the priestesses in *Aida* definitely should. But the LP blesses the ear with her *Brown Baby* and *Afro Blue*. It also offers Oscar and a Brazilian wizard named Sivuca (pianist, accordionist, guitarist, world's funkiest falsetto) singing and playing a small treasury of other inter-American gems.

Diatonic Devilry. The opening song, *Time*, shows the same kind of diatonic devilry that makes *Hair* such easy listening. *What Is a Friend* is an infectious, cross-rhythmed carnival samba that answers itself: "Someone I don't have to sham/Who can dig me as I am." On paper, *A New Generation's* lyrics look overly moralistic and underlyrical: "A new generation is now on the scene . . . standing for right, demanding fair play for everyone." But combined with a beat that bounces all the way from Broadway to Brazil, the song becomes a pure case of the moral the merrier.

In a musical sense, *Joy* is not black. Brown owes as much to Gershwin, say, as Gershwin does to old blues roots. But what he consistently conveys is the life attitude of the black man who wants to be a man first and black second—not the other way around, as so often happens these days. *Joy* comes when whites understand and agree. Brown's ambition is that *Joy* will offer a common musical meeting place for black and white America. "Joy, not guns or hate, is the strongest force in the world," says Brown. "I want to use that force to disarm all the uptight people, the gun people, so that we can all get together." *Joy*.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Harry James, 54, ace trumpeter and bandleader in the '40s and early '50s, who still blows a hot horn on the Las Vegas nightclub scene; by Joan Boyd James, 30, former Vegas showgirl; on grounds of incompatibility; after two years of marriage, one child; in Las Vegas.

Died. Charles A. Wellman, 54, president of the \$1 billion LFC Financial Corp., and one of the country's foremost doctors of ailing companies; in Los Angeles. When Wellman took over from Bart Lytton in 1968, the huge (\$685 million assets) but debt-ridden Lytton Financial Corp. was on the verge of bankruptcy. The new president refinanced and borrowed \$50 million, largely on the strength of his reputation, then audaciously merged with two smaller savings and loan firms, thereby increasing assets by an additional \$370 million. Said an admiring competitor at the time: "Wellman is converting three alley cats into a pedigreed lion."

Died. Arthur Adamov, 61, Russian-born playwright of the absurd; by his own hand (an overdose of barbiturates); in Paris. As a young author, writing to expose his "anguish, masochism, perversions and preoccupations," Adamov turned out plays (*La Parodie*, 1947; *L'Invasion*, 1949) that earned him ranking with Beckett and Ionesco as a founder of the theater of the absurd. His best-known work was 1955's *Le Ping-Pong*, an angry indictment of man's dehumanization by machines. "Life is not absurd," he finally admitted. "It is difficult, just very difficult."

Died. Dr. Frederick Perls, 76, German-born psychiatrist who helped found Gestalt therapy; following abdominal surgery; in Chicago. A onetime Freudian, Perls developed a psychotherapeutic technique that focused attention on the "here and now" in the patient's consciousness rather than a Freudian interpretation of the past. Perls introduced his theories to the U.S. in 1946, wrote about them in such books as *Gestalt Therapy* (1951) and *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim* (1969), and saw them become a major influence in encounter-group therapy.

Died. R.C. Clothier, 85, president of New Jersey's Rutgers University from 1932 to 1951; in Bryn Mawr, Pa. Rutgers' 14th president, Clothier led the university through an unparalleled growth period, during which it increased from six to 17 divisions throughout the state, added two research bureaus and an institute of management and labor relations, and took over Newark University. When he retired, enrollment was up from 2,900 to 21,000 and Rutgers ranked among the country's leading universities.

MODERN LIVING

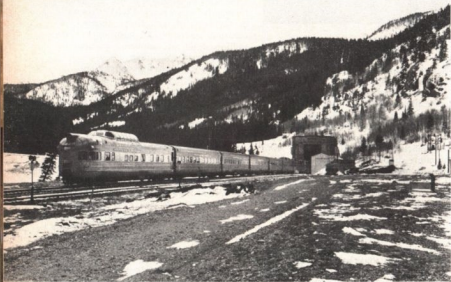
Last Days of the Zephyr

When she first streaked across the plains 21 years ago, the California Zephyr was a gleaming wonder-on-wheels. The first luxury Vista-Dome streamliner to run between Chicago and San Francisco, the stainless-steel train topped 90 m.p.h. on the straightaway, dazzling onlookers at every wayside crossing. Last week the Cal Zephyr, rattling from disrepair and more than 6,000,000 miles of wear, made its through-run for the last time. Latest victim of rising costs, declining patronage and the reluctance of railroads to promote passenger service, the train was, as one member of the Interstate Commerce Commission termed

on board. In the dining car, the tuxedoed steward still seats passengers at tables with vases of fresh Colorado carnations resting on the white linen. There are Rocky Mountain trout, California champagne served in silver ice buckets, and afterward a selection of cigars and cordials. Sitting in the glassed-in Vista-Dome cars, passengers gaze out at the fleeting landscape like transients in time.

In the Cal Zephyr's cab, Engineer Ray Flaar, 61, shouts above the wild clatter of the rails: "I've made this run so many times I know every crossie and humpback. But I'll tell you, there is always something new to see." A red pickup truck whirls out of a dusty side

DOE CARL STEFFEN



"CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR" ENTERING MOFFAT TUNNEL
When trains were for travel, not just transportation.

it, "a unique national asset." Rolling for 2,525 miles through some of the U.S.'s most scenic and historic terrain, the Cal Zephyr afforded a view of America which new generations, hurtling along billboarded freeways or locked inside pressurized plane cabins, may never see. With that in mind, Associate Editor Ray Kennedy and Correspondent Mark Sullivan recently rode the Cal Zephyr for one last look. Their report:

Her coaches are shabby now. The mattresses in her sleeping cars sag and the sheets are threadbare. Resting there in Chicago's ancient, crumbling Union Station, she seems already part of the past. Yet once the California Zephyr lurches to life, hissing and huffing blue smoke, there is a sense of elegance remembered, a time when, as one porter put it, "they built trains for travel and not just transportation."

The Pullman beds and wash basins, folding out of the walls like part of a Chinese puzzle, still fascinate the children

road, races the train for a few miles and then, pulling ahead, suddenly swerves over a crossing just 50 yards ahead. "Come fall," Flaar shouts, "when everybody is going down to the grain elevators, you get lots of guys racing you to a crossing." He tugs on the whistle and sounds a series of short toots and long wails. "That's my hello to an old gentleman in his 80s who lives back there. His relatives say it gives his morale a big boost."

Rumbling through Illinois, over the old steel-truss bridge spanning the Mississippi River, the Cal Zephyr crosses trails once plied by the Pony Express. Onward it races through Iowa and Nebraska. In the cities, the tracks are rimmed by hulking warehouses, rusting automobile graveyards and smoking garbage dumps. Then, gradually, such signs as ROYAL KNITTING MILLS and BOECKER COAL & GRAIN, SINCE 1898 give way to BEER 10¢ SHOT 25¢ and COOP FEED. Suddenly, after a cluster of mobile

homes, the train plunges into a great open expanse of farm lands.

Domed silos stand like sentinels on the horizon. Black Angus cattle amble toward lopsided gray barns. Giant TV antennas, strung with a maze of guy wires, soar 30 ft. above tiny farmhouses. Irrigation ditches run to nowhere. And standing forlornly in fields of stubble corn, boys in blue denim coveralls stare back, but they do not wave.

Next morning, after being run through an automatic washing machine in Denver's Union Station,* the Cal Zephyr climbs 4,000 ft. into the Rockies, passing into the first of 46 tunnels cut through the granite walls. In the crystalline mountain air, passengers in the Vista-Dome can see more than 100 miles, from the snow-veined summit of Pikes Peak in the south, to the rugged profile of Longs Peak in the north. Lying far below now, Denver looks like a toy town.

Winding ever higher, the Cal Zephyr disappears into the dank blackness of the 6.2-mile Moffat Tunnel, which crosses the Continental Divide at an elevation of 9,239 ft. After the train emerges, H.C. Livingstone lights an after-dinner cigar and remembers aloud how he worked on the tunnel until its completion in 1928. "There were a lot of bad accidents on that job," he recalls. "In the four years it took to finish it, 81 workers were killed."

Happier Man. The train meets the Colorado River and follows it for 238 miles, wending through myriad multithued gorges. At twilight the Cal Zephyr descends into a red desert and then goes highballing across the salt flats of Utah. "I take this train every chance I get," says George Vogel, 45, a budget analyst. "It's my form of relaxation, a chance to get back to myself. I don't have to worry about telephone calls, cutting the grass or crying kids. And when I get home, I'm a happier man."

Next morning, over steak and eggs and fresh copies of the *Rocky Mountain News*, passengers who were strangers a few hundred miles back are now chummyly addressing one another by first names. The Cal Zephyr begins its 118-mile run through California's ruggedly beautiful Feather River Canyon. Rushing by waterfalls, thick stands of ponderosa pines and beds of bright orange poppies, the train passes Rich Bar and Oroville, towns that boomed into use in the days of the great gold rush.

The last leg of the 50-hour journey runs a straight course toward San Francisco along the rice fields, olive groves and vineyards of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valley. Gradually slowing, the Cal Zephyr chugs under an increasing number of highway bridges and then, at the outskirts of the metropolis, finally fades into the smog of civilization.

* For a while, the Zephyr will continue to run from Chicago to Denver. But there its through service will be interrupted by a 22-hour layover. The rest of the route West will be changed.

Welcome to the friendly grounds of United.



If you've never flown before, you probably think air travel is all airplanes, schedules, and boarding gates.

Not so when you fly United.

Our way of life is people.

Not just ordinary people, but people totally dedicated to making your first flight the start of something great.

People like this United ground hostess. And thousands more just like her you'll find in airport terminals across the country. All ready to be your helping hand.

It's people like her that give meaning to this thing we call the friendly skies.

From the ground up, *fly the friendly skies of United.*

"They really mean it."

Practice makes perfect.



1949

And practice we've had plenty. Would you believe 12 million Volkswagens all over the world? Or 3½ million here in the U.S.A.?

And, in a way, every VW we make is a little better than the one we made before.

Because we don't wrench ourselves out of shape making fake improvements every 12 months.

Instead, we make about 5,000 changes every year, that we don't even talk about. We simply do what needs doing to make the VW work better all the time. Not to look different all the time.

So what have we got to show for 25 years?

Only the most highly developed car on the road.

Take any old Volkswagen from any old year. It will still be airtight.

We never knew how to make it any other way, and we still don't. It still helps to open a window to close a door, even on an old one.

Take any new Volkswagen.

If there's a nick in the paint or on the chrome, somebody else put it there. Not us.

You won't find a jumble of wires under the dashboard. Just smooth, painted steel.

Under the hood? Shiny and smooth.

Around the engine? Shiny and smooth.

Even if you removed the door panel, you'd find it the same. Smooth and shiny.

If you saw the way we made them, you'd know why this is true.

One in eight VW employees is an inspector. And the head inspector reports to the head of the company, not to the head salesman.



1950



1951



1952



1953



1954



1955



1956

Only one other car maker in the world does this; their prices start at \$5,000.

Every wheel rim we turn out is inspected. 100% of them. Every brake drum. Every gas tank.

Every engine is run in before it becomes part of the car. And after.

Every part that has to do with safety is individually inspected and then individually stamped with the inspector's initials.

(We also have inspectors who inspect inspectors. And until a man does it right, we don't let him put his hands on it.)

When a VW gets to the end of the line, an inspector checks to see that the engine, the electrical system, the brakes, and everything else that makes a VW stop and go puts out what we put in.

We make 5,000 cars a day; we check 5,000 cars a day.

Speaking of testing, we have 2 test tracks that are literally Hell on wheels. With hills and valleys and hairpin turns and cobblestone stretches that simply aren't found on American roads.

Every change we make (or don't make) lives or dies on one of our tracks.

By changing the way we change and testing the way we test, the Volkswagen we sell today is a whole other machine.

Over the years, we have practically doubled the VW's horsepower, but the engine should last even longer.

The luggage space in new VWs is far greater. The car is quieter and rides better. You can get a VW without a clutch pedal these days, and still get 25 miles to a gallon.

We've added thoughtful little things like a door pocket for the driver. Like tiny little



1957



1958



1959



1960



1961



1962



1963

wires that defrost the rear window electrically. Like a pop-up shield to protect the dashboard when you slide out the ashtray.

And happily, we can still sell it to you for a mere \$1839.*

But when we take your \$1839, we give you interest on your money by not losing interest in your car.

We are the only car people in the world with Medi-car, the Volkswagen Diagnosis System.

As part of our continuing madness, we give you 4 free top-to-bottom checkups when you buy a new VW.

You just maintain your car according to the Volkswagen maintenance schedule. If any factory part is defective in material or workmanship, any U. S. or Canadian VW dealer will repair or replace it, within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first. And he will do it free of charge.

In short, whatever Medi-car finds that's covered by our guarantee gets fixed free.

Every last VW dealer has this electronic Medi-car equipment, and if you already own a VW, you can get the checkups for just a few dollars.

On that topic, if you do own an older Volkswagen (even a '49), and need a part, don't worry. You can drive into any VW dealer's and he won't raise an eyebrow. He will congratulate you and fix it.

Because most VW parts, changed though they may be, still fit most VWs.

We let other people make their cars bigger and smaller and taller and shorter.

We just go on making ours longer.



1964



1965



1966



1967



1968



1969



1970



Frigidaire invites you to

PRETEND IT'S SUMMER



It isn't even hot, but you'll have a bigger selection than at other times of the year. You might even save some money.

You'll still get the extras Frigidaire builds into air conditioners. Quiet, so you don't have a summer that roars. Styling that makes a Frigidaire Air Conditioner look as good as it cools. (Most models have a sliding panel that covers the controls.) A washable air filter and a thermostat for automatic temperature control.

Need more excuses to buy a Frigidaire Air Conditioner now? Good. Then think hot, and go see your Frigidaire dealer while it's cool.

Frigidaire bothers to build in more help.



Model No. AE-10MP
10,000 BTU/hr.



EDUCATION

The Governor v. the University

California's Governor Ronald Reagan has just announced that he will seek a second term in November. Though his campaign will surely be concerned with other issues, the voters are certain to weigh Reagan's handling of campus disruptions—a performance that has national and even international significance. After studying the record, *TIME's* Los Angeles Bureau Chief Don Neff reports:

As the 1960s began, Californians regarded their vast university with particular pride. U.C. campuses were strung like jewels throughout Eden-on-the-Pacific. U.C. faculties rivaled those of Harvard or Stanford; the halls and labs

gan. "This totally ignores the fact that there already was an issue."

Soon after the 1964 Free Speech Movement turned Berkeley into a worldwide image of campus revolt, many Californians began asking hard questions: Why pay for classrooms that are going to be wantonly burned? Why support the liberalism that attracts eminent scholars if it also spawns student (and nonstudent) revolutionaries? In the minds of many campus boosters, the innocent equation that education equals the good life became suspect.

Parasites and Fascists. When Reagan promised to clean up the mess at Berkeley in 1966, he won a landslide victory over two-term Democratic Governor Edmund G. Brown. Since then his views have grown progressively tougher—and

Many students and professors have accused Reagan of trying to "repeal the renaissance," of replacing "the creative society with an illiterate society." Says Fred Dutton, one of U.C.'s anti-Reagan regents: "Nixon wants the quiet American. Reagan almost seems to want the vigilante American. Reagan came into a fiery situation, but instead of dousing it he threw kerosene on it."

Yet, despite his inflammatory language, Reagan's actions have done far less damage to the university than his critics charge. And though he can normally count on a friendly majority of 14 of the 24 regents, Reagan is still unable to get his way on many issues. U.C.'s prestige and traditional autonomy remain too strong for any Governor to exert dictatorial control. The university's bureaucracy still commands a large portion of the state budget (U.C. spends around \$1 billion annually), and it took



REAGAN LECTURING STUDENT

The role of leadership is not to bow to man's basest feelings—it is to seek common interests.



POLICE ARRESTING BERKELEY RIOTER

teemed with past and future Nobel laureates—and tuition was free. Many educators regarded U.C. as the world's best public multiversity.

Today suspicion has replaced trust. U.C.'s own regents are curbing the university's traditional independence. The state's open hand with funds is clenching into a fist. For the first time in U.C.'s 102-year history, the regents have imposed tuition; by fall 1971, students will pay more than \$600, twice the current so-called "fees." In 1968, the voters rejected U.C.'s request for a building bond issue. A decade ago, California ranked sixth in state support of higher education; as the '70s dawned, it had fallen to 28th.

Innocent Equation. What happened? To many on campus, the answer is spelled R-o-n-a-l-d R-e-a-g-a-n. To the public, it is campus violence—a spectacle that angered citizens well before Reagan the veteran actor became Reagan the aspiring politician. "There is a general impression that I chose the university as a whipping boy and set out to make it a political issue," asserts Rea-

gan. The latest independent statewide poll by Mervin Field shows that Reagan is as popular as when he started out.

The distrust between campus and capital has also deepened. A whole generation now views the Governor as the instigator of mass student arrests and the tear-gassing of innocent bystanders at Berkeley. Today, Reagan openly admits that his mere presence on a U.C. campus is enough to provoke a riot. This month, when he began his campaign for re-election, six out of his seven days on the stump were marred by youth demonstrations. Among their more printable epithets, students at U.C. Riverside called him a "political parasite." Four students were arrested and promptly suspended from classes. Reagan applauded (though the suspensions were later lifted): "This is the type of swift action that I believe will be instrumental in solving this kind of thing." He later called protesters "cowardly little fascist hands," adding: "Our system can work, and they are damned well going to find out that it will work."

Reagan three years to persuade the regents to adopt tuition. Though he opposes such professors as Communist Angela Davis and New Leftist Herbert Marcuse, both are still teaching on U.C. campuses.

Fragile Heritage. Among their troubling successes, Reagan and his friendly regents last year voted themselves the power to review all permanent faculty appointments. Critics immediately charged that Reagan & Co. aimed to fire professors with unpopular political beliefs. Indeed, such power has the potential for destroying a university's fragile heritage of free exchange of conflicting ideas. But to date, the regents have not blatantly exercised their power of review. Possibly Reagan considers the action a warning to administrators that they must police their own campuses more firmly—or else expect more interference from the regents.

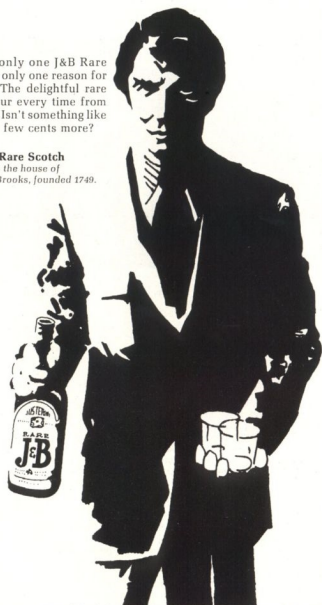
As if to dramatize his distrust of campus officials, Reagan last week issued a call for a set of tough new rules that would have forced chancellors to declare emergencies during riots and

TRY SOMETHING BETTER.

There is only one J&B Rare Scotch. And only one reason for drinking it. The delightful rare taste you pour every time from every bottle. Isn't something like that worth a few cents more?

J&B Rare Scotch

From the house of
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86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

suspend demonstrators. The regents passed a watered-down resolution that leaves the decision of when to declare an emergency up to the individual chancellors—in effect, preserving their vital freedom of action.

Reagan makes no secret of being a hard-liner against campus violence, but he bristles at the accusation that he has cut the university's budget to "punish dissent." Reagan points out that the operating budget has increased 46% since he moved to Sacramento. Meantime, prophecies that low budgets would force campuses to close, students to be turned away and professors to quit have all proved false. The university has continued to expand.

Scare Tactics. For all the tumult over the past decade, U.C. has added three new campuses, bringing its total to nine, and upped enrollment from 56,000 to 106,000. Its faculty now numbers 7,600 and its courses 4,000. Nobel laureates have increased from eight to 14. To be sure, some students have had to enroll elsewhere in the U.C. system when the campus of their choice was full. But all have been accommodated.

At a time when both state costs and taxes have soared to new peaks, Reagan asserts that the university has tried scare tactics to get more money. "Whenever we had to trim their budget," he says, "the first reaction of the university was 'All right, we'll have to drop 10,000 students.' And I finally asked: 'Why, if there is an economy drive, are the students the first thing that you can dispense with?'" Reagan argues that U.C. should first turn some nonteaching professors into teaching professors—an idea that many students would cheer if it came from anyone but Reagan.

Is the Governor playing politics with the university? Of course—and so is the university. How a citizenry wants its children educated is a perfectly legitimate political issue. In California, though, the combatants are so angry that few ponder the real problem: the role of today's university. "Nearly all our troubles go back to one basic difficulty," says U.C.L.A. Chancellor Charles Young. "There is no consensus as to what the university is, what its function is, and in what its importance to society consists." Until there is, universities and politicians will play politics.

Danger and Blame. Unfortunately for U.C., it has met an unexpected master at that game. By the time Reagan came to power, the university was used to having the legislature approve between 96% and 98% of its budget requests. When the new Governor began tightening the budget and exerting regental control, U.C. was aghast, and in Reagan's view it reacted like a spoiled child. Given the public temper, Reagan has made the university look all the more childish—or so many Californians see it.

The most serious charge against both Reagan and U.C. is the reckless nature of their public utterances. By tone



You'd smile, too, if you'd bought a few acres of Caribbean shorefront — and Blue Chip life insurance — back in 1949.

You can't build financial success out of sand castles. You need foresight. You need judgement. And you need facts. The fact about Connecticut Mutual life insurance is this: we have consistently been a leader in low cost for our policyholders, as proved again in the latest 20-year industry-wide cost study, 1949-1969. Yet, surprisingly, nobody builds better quality into their policies. If you'd like more details see one of our Blue Chip representatives. He'll accommodate you. Gladly.

...and this year: new policies, new rates, new low cost!

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Stereo sound that will fill the room. In a portable that won't.

Now you can have big stereo sound without a big stereo. All it takes is our compact portable in the deluxe new grained walnut color cabinet. With 20 watts of peak music power to drive two 9" oval and two 3½" speakers, plus full controls and the Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm that won't ever accidentally ruin your records. Hear *The Woodridge*, Model A555W, at your Zenith dealer's. At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on



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In the event your area has been affected by the postal strike, we have set aside any issue of *TIME* we were unable to deliver—and will get it to you as quickly as we can once the tie-up has ended.

However, if you missed more than one issue we also ask your patience for a week or two after the strike stops. The post office will be dealing with a mountainous backlog of mail and our own distribution system will be strained.

Thank you very much. We appreciate your loyalty to *TIME* and regret the inconvenience of this awkward hiatus in service.

more than substance, Reagan and the university have imperiled a venerated institution. U.C. San Diego's respected chancellor, William McGill, chosen to become Columbia University's president next fall, observes: "In this present condition of public hostility against the university because of its traditional tolerance of radical ideas and radical people, and the articulation of that hostility by the Governor, there is now some prospect of genuine damage to a very great academic community."

In any final reckoning, Reagan must accept the greater blame. As grand caliph of California, he certainly has the responsibility to advance what he considers the state's priorities and needs. But it is also his responsibility to do more than reflect public sentiment. When he should have talked in a soft voice, or not talked at all, he screamed "Bums" and "Cowards." Much of the public ate his language up. But the role of leadership is to seek common interest, preserve civility and raise the people's sights. This Reagan in his feud with U.C. has failed to do. It is his greatest failure.

Loans for Prep School Parents

In more and more U.S. cities, middle-class parents have examined the sad state of public schools and decided that private schools are a necessity rather than a luxury. But soon only the very rich—or the very poor—may be able to afford those schools.

Take an executive earning \$40,000 a year. On paper, his family is richer than 98% of U.S. households. But, after taxes, food and mortgage payments slash his disposable income to about \$16,000. If he has three children, he is likely to pay private schools at least \$5,000 more. Though he has only \$11,000 left—before meeting scores of other expenses—his gross income makes his children ineligible for one possible break: a private-school scholarship. Moreover, the bulk of the scholarship funds his children's schools have available are quite likely to be pledged to promising ghetto students.

Now a way out has been designed by Massachusetts' coordinate boarding schools, Mount Hermon (boys) and Northfield (girls). The schools have already earmarked 20% of their operating budget for scholarship aid to almost half their students. Unwilling to "shunt the middle-income family aside," they have now allocated \$110,000 (to be quadrupled in four years) for long-term, low-interest (5%) loans to families with yearly incomes of \$15,000 to \$20,000. Borrowers will not be obliged to start repayment until their children finish college or graduate school. Help is becoming available, says Dr. Howard L. Jones, head of the schools' joint administration, "for increasing numbers on the lower end of the economic scale, while those on the upper end can take care of themselves. Our greatest concern therefore, must be for the broad sector in between."

Caprice by Chevrolet.

We don't make expensive cars. But we worry people who do.

With the very notable exception of its price tag, Caprice is amazingly similar to those expensive luxury cars.

If you're even a little bit dubious, please read on.

4,000 pounds of luxury.

First off, Caprice is almost two solid tons of automobile. So you get a nice secure feeling just sitting in it.

It boasts a finely crafted Body by Fisher and spans 18 feet in length.

And has 18 cubic feet of trunk space, too. (Separated from you by our cargo-guard luggage compartment bulkhead.)

Inside, there's comfort in depth. Around 2,000 cubic inches of foam padding to help you sit soft on Chevrolet's most luxurious fabrics.

Caprice isn't big just for the sake of being big, though. You have to sit in it to know what we mean but, well, it just plain feels right.

Computer-smoothed ride.

Of course, a large share of that feeling is derived from Caprice's Full Coil suspension.

We even have a computer select the right springs just for your car, according to the front and rear weight after you've added on whatever equipment you want. No overspringing. No underspringing.

The way we do it is highly technical. The way it feels is out and out plush.

A long, long list of extras.

This is a whole ad in itself, but suffice it to say that Caprice has a longer, list of available equipment and custom features than any other car made in America.

Things like our headlight delay system, AM/FM stereo radio with hidden antenna, electric power door lock system, and Comfortilt steering wheel.

A rule of thumb: if it's available, it's most likely available on Caprice.

It moves with authority.

Caprice's standard V8 engine is a highly unstandard 350 cubic inches with 250 horsepower. That's a lot of authority.

Yet it's humble enough to run on regular fuel.

There's also a 400-cubic-inch Turbo-Fire V8 available if you want more torque and more power. It, too, runs on regular fuel.

Still, if you wish, you can order up to 454 cubic inches of engine, the most available in Chevrolet's field.

Riding in a Caprice is quite a moving experience.

Result: higher resale value.

It's impossible to predict the future, of course, but chances are your 1970 Caprice will be worth more than its competition when trade-in time rolls around.

One reason we can say that is all the reasons you've already read.

The other reason is experience. Chevrolet has a traditionally higher resale value than any other car in its field.

Stop in at your Chevrolet dealer's and mull over a Caprice. Then ask yourself: why buy a car as expensive as this one looks?



Putting you first, keeps us first.

Caprice. You don't leave the comforts of home home.



"In addition to on-the-job training, IBM offers supplementary education. This is a class I taught in basic electronics."



He helped a new plant employ the unemployed.

Turn an old warehouse into a plant and man it with untrained workers? Bill Collins helped prove it could be done. His story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



Bill Collins, Employment and Placement Manager, seen through the wires of a computer cable made in IBM's Brooklyn plant.

"Some people thought this part of Brooklyn, Bedford-Stuyvesant, was just about finished a few years ago. It wasn't. A lot of people wouldn't let it die."

The speaker is IBM's Bill Collins, who transferred here to be a part of his old neighborhood's rebuilding efforts.

"About three years ago, a number of local people joined with a group of concerned businessmen and civic leaders to form the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation. One of the first things they did was invite IBM, and other companies, to look at the area's potential.

"In April 1968, IBM leased and renovated an old warehouse. Ninety days later, the new plant was in

operation. Now there are over 400 people here, producing subassemblies for computers. Some 300 live right in this area.

"The idea was to create jobs and income for this community. The great majority of the people we've hired were unemployed at the time. We had to help most of them develop new skills on the job.

"We started out making computer cable. After about six months, they asked us to produce computer power units, too.

"What's more, some seventy people have already been upgraded in their jobs.

"And all of us here feel pretty good about it."

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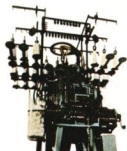
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THE THEATER

Make Way for Melba Moore

Most plays get dated, but social-protest plays date more rapidly than others. They stand still while times change. Addressed to a flaming grievance, they lose their fire as the grievance is redressed. In Depression days, when unions were weak and embattled, the fierce rallying cry at the end of Clifford Odets' *Waiting for Lefty*—"STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!"—brought audiences to their feet with huzzahs. Today, playing before audiences sated with strikes, the line might well garner some Bronx cheers.

Similarly, the musical *Purlie*, fashioned from the straight play *Purlie Victorious*, which opened on Broadway in

show, the evening and the audience's heart is the back-country girl (Melba Moore) who falls in love with Purlie. Melba Moore is a delightfully innocent minx, a girl who seems to have swallowed joy for breakfast. When she sings, the sun shines in, and when she dances, her feet play truant from the earth.

Games Playwrights Play

Life may be a game, but not all games are lifelike. This basic distinction makes all the difference in two plays that recently opened in London, and whose authors are twin brothers with varying philosophies of gamesmanship. One brother has produced a work that is sheer play, the other a play that labors but does not work.

Peter Shaffer, whose *succès de spectacle* was *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, plays a labored game of "hound the humanist" in *The Battle of Shrivings*. Sir Gideon Petrie (John Gielgud) is an aged, Bertrand Russell-like champion of rationalism living ascetically at Shrivings, a converted medieval abbey in the Cotswold Hills. From there he guides a peace movement and blandly preaches the perfectibility of human nature to youthful acolytes and to his wife (Wendy Hiller), with whom he renounced sex, on principle, at the age of 40.

In every sense, Sir Gideon's house seems to be in order. Actually, it is so much philosophic straw, waiting to be huffed and puffed down by Mark Askelon (Patrick Magee), a renegade poet drenched in whisky and despair. Askelon, a onetime disciple of Sir Gideon's, arrives at Shrivings to seek his lost faith through a mordant challenge to the old man's sweet reasonableness: If Askelon is given license to spend a weekend attacking Shrivings and everyone in it, will Sir Gideon's beliefs enable him to forbear, or will he be stung into betraying those beliefs by violently ejecting Askelon?

Shaw Without Shaw. The challenge is fascinating, but Sir Gideon courts disaster in accepting it. So does playwright Shaffer. *Shrivings* is a Shaw play without Shaw. Where the master could have whirled the philosopher to triumph in a blaze of intellectual toughness and passion, Shaffer slips the poet the victory with too little of either. In the end, Sir Gideon is forced to throw out everything except Askelon in a battle that is not so much pitched as rigged. Gielgud lends the part a tremulous, blinking dignity, but he can only play it the way Shaffer wrote it: as the milquetoast of human kindness. Like the devil, the devil's advocate has all the best lines, even if many of them are overwrought and overwrit. It is Magee's poet—haranguing, seducing, at once flailing out with and wincing from his own lash—who jolts the play occasionally into the corrosive credibility it ought to sustain throughout.

Credibility does not really count in

Sleuth, by Anthony Shaffer, a television and movie writer who has sometimes collaborated with Brother Peter on detective novels. *Sleuth* reflects no real world, only the glints of its own inner harmonies. It is all a diabolical plot, and the first to be overthrown by it are the reviewers, for there is no way to describe it without giving away its secrets. It can only be said that its protagonist, a successful whodunit writer named Andrew Wyke (Anthony Quayle), is a witty snob who is inwardly delighted when a would-be lover makes a bid to divest him of his burdensome wife. Wyke sets out to ensnare his apparent dupe (Keith Baxter) in his own obsession with masks, disguises and charades, and, of course, is himself ensnared.

Taut and literate as Shaffer's entertainment is, it could have been mere-

REO WILSON



MOORE IN "PURLIE"
Possessed by joy.

September 1961, has become peculiarly quaint. The downtrodden, stereotypical Negroes whom it portrays seem uncannily unreal. Blacks have taken large, if not mighty, strides forward from the *Purlie Victorious* caricature, as much in their own minds as in white eyes.

Purlie Judson, unlicensed preacher and self-appointed messiah of his race, hoodwinks neo-Confederate, bullwhip-wielding Ol' Cap'n Cotchipee (John Hefernan) and secures the money to buy Big Bethel Church and preach freedom to the workers in the cotton fields. The problem is how to believe this in 1970. The wheedling, tricking, self-inflating Purlie embodies a slavery-induced personality that no longer applies to a race increasingly infused with the will and strength to command its own destiny.

While Cleavon Little brings a rip-roaring fervor to Purlie's evangelistic soliloquies, the cute cutup who steals the



ANTHONY QUAYLE IN "SLEUTH"
Obsessed with masks.

by another of those theatrical arabesques that fade as quickly as the footlights. Two things redeem it from such slickness. The stylish gusto of Baxter and especially of Quayle give the whole performance an edge that could cut glass. Moreover, Shaffer manages deftly to satirize the detective genre at the same time that he constructs a classic model of it. His satire brings out a hint of desperation behind the characters' capering. Ultimately his sport is directed against the games-playing mentality itself, with its retreat from sprawling life into the artificial order that detective stories provide.

If Peter Shaffer's reach exceeds his grasp in *Shrivings*, Anthony Shaffer's grasp is so sure in *Sleuth* that the player may well wish he had reached farther. In fact, it is tempting to find a moral in this—but drawing morals can be too facile a game.





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BUSINESS

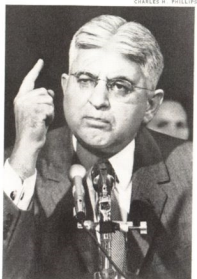
Nixon's New Worries About Recession

ONE trouble with the economic strategy practiced by Richard Nixon is that it makes awkward politics for his party. To the President and his advisers, it has seemed sensible to fight rising prices by deliberately stalling the economy, painful as that might be. To the Republican Congressmen and Senators who must stand for re-election in eight months—a necessity that does not confront the President—the political pain threatens to become excruciating. Unemployment is rising and has begun to hurt members of the Republicans' Silent Majority; corporations' profits have been crimped; and the jobless rate among construction workers, at 7.9%, is higher than among Negroes.

Meanwhile, consumer prices continue to rise fast; they went up at an annual rate of 6% in February, a decrease from the seasonally adjusted January rate of 7.2% but one so small as to make little difference to the shopper. The Administration is trying to make up its collective mind about which is the greater peril: inflation or recession. Last week, reports Lawrence Malkin, TIME's Washington economic correspondent, the President began an effort to defuse the political dangers by giving the appearance of combatting recession without significantly changing economic policy. In a press conference, Nixon denied that the U.S. was in a recession and boasted that his Administration had "taken the fire out of inflation."

Help! Early in the week Republican congressional leaders had trooped to the White House to ask for political help—something that would persuade voters that recession was not right around the corner. The President was ready with a shiny token. He would unfreeze \$1.5 billion of federal, state and local construction money that he had effectively held up last fall as an anti-inflation move. Congressmen greeted the announcement as political manna. "The problems of inflation have been defeated," said House Republican Leader Gerald Ford. "The danger of recession is nil." His comment was deflated the next day by Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who stated soberly that "of course there is danger" of both recession and inflation.

Burns estimates that actual additional federal-construction spending this year will come to only \$175 million. One reason: the supposedly unfrozen funds will be slow to trickle down to the states and municipalities. That might be just as well for the nation. Most of the extra money would go to build highways—hardly the country's most pressing social need—and a spurt in highway construction would divert resources from the genuine need of private housing.



CHAIRMAN BURNS
Uncharacteristically defensive.

Said one Administration staff economist: "I can't understand all the excitement about the construction bit. It's all really sort of a shell game."

In trying to fight recession, the President has got himself into something of a box. He cannot ask Congress to cut taxes further or to raise federal spending without repudiating his own warnings that such action would be inflationary. He has repeatedly forsworn "jawboning" intervention in specific wages and price decisions. Unless he gives up the anti-inflationary fight, about all he can do is to make some gestures like last week's unfreezing and try to per-

suaide the nation that slowdown will not turn into recession.

Nixon can also try to persuade Arthur Burns' independent but Republican-leaning Federal Reserve to put more money into circulation, making credit cheaper and easier for everybody. Chairman Burns, in uncharacteristically defensive testimony at midweek to the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, sought to get across that the Fed was doing its part. He came as close as he could, without actually using the words, to saying that the board has already begun expanding the nation's money supply for the first time since last summer. He called attention to weekly monetary figures, which so far show only traces of easing. Further, Burns predicted that later this year banks will bring down prime interest rates and that other interest rates, including those on mortgage loans, will also drop slightly. He expects mortgage interest rates to be "appreciably lower" by 1972.

Burns indicated that the Fed's easing will be small and gradual. The board, he pledged, will not "stand idly by and watch the current adjustment degenerate into a recession." But he added, in a typical Burns hedge: "Neither do we intend to let excess demand for goods and services burst out anew."

Businessmen, shareholders and homeowners will believe that money is becoming more plentiful when they see it. Burns' words, coming after so many soothing pronouncements by Administration leaders in recent weeks, had curiously little effect. The stock market, which earlier had rallied explosively on far less explicit hints of easier money, actually went down last week. The key question is no longer whether the Federal Reserve will again expand the money supply, but how quickly and by how much.

Professors v. Politicians. Many economists think that the nation will need a quicker and greater increase in money than Burns apparently has in mind if the Administration is to head off a recession. Milton Friedman's followers argue that it takes six to nine months for any switch in monetary policy to make its impact felt on the economy. Beryl Sprinkel, vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank and a member of TIME's Board of Economists, calculates that industrial production is likely to drop an additional 4% even if the Federal Reserve begins now to expand money supply at a 5% annual rate, and that the decline will be sharper if the money expansion is less.

Within the Nixon Administration there may well be a split developing be-



tween the professors and the politicians. The professors—Chief Economist Paul McCracken, Budget Director Robert Mayo and Burns, who still attends economic policy meetings—want to stick to the Administration's "game plan." The plan calls for 1) continuing the tax, budget and monetary restraints until it is certain that inflationary pressures are under control, and then 2) easing only enough to permit a slow and gradual resumption of business growth late this year.

The politicians, including several cabinet members, are more worried by the threat of recession. Treasury Secretary Kennedy, HUD's Secretary Romney and Postmaster General Blount have all flirted with the idea of price and wage controls as a possible way to stop inflation

In traditional winter vacation havens from the Bahamas to Hawaii, the story is the same. Businessmen agree that this season in the sun has been the dimmest in years. They blame the decline largely on the slumping stock market and the general economic slowdown in the U.S., but many concede that outrageous prices at the resorts also played a part.

The Morning After. Pan American World Airways bookings to many Caribbean resorts are down 10% from last year, and its travel to Hawaii has dipped by 5%. Tourism in the Bahamas has been feeble all winter, and some hotel bookings in February were running 20% below last season. "March projections are so terrible it scares us," says a spokesman for the Bahamian hotel industry. Antigua, St. Thomas and other resorts in

Waikiki hotels are making the rare offer of reduced monthly rates.

Drastically reduced Atlantic air fares are doubtless drawing business away from the warm-weather resorts. From October to February, Trans World Airlines passenger traffic to Europe was up 21% compared with the same period in 1968-69. European ski resorts have been among the richest beneficiaries of the fares. The flight to European slopes also hurts such U.S. ski centers as Colorado's Aspen, Snowmass, and Buttermilk, which collectively suffered a 6% slide in January business.

The slump has sobered many of the tourist magnates. Sam Schweitzer, president of the El San Juan Hotel, says: "Next season we may have to take a tough look at ourselves." If that does not result in lower prices and less gouging, there may be nobody else to look at.

WALL STREET

Looking for More Money

For more than a year, savvy Wall Street insiders have feared that the back-office paper-work tangle in brokerage houses might lead to a major scandal. Now those fears have been heightened. Several firms have failed, some others are in obvious financial trouble and the top officers of the New York Stock Exchange are desperately asking Washington for emergency help. Nobody expects a repeat of the classic 19th century panics, when brokerage houses went under in domino fashion, trading was suspended on the Exchange and Wall Street was crowded with frantic depositors trying to get their money from failing banks. But if the situation gets much worse, it could hurt some investors, scare others and provoke selling that would drive stock prices still lower.

Taking a Beating. Two weeks ago, McDonnell & Co. announced that it would close because of insufficient capital. Three smaller houses have liquidated in the past two years, but McDonnell is the best-known one to have shut down since 1963. One problem was that McDonnell had invested some of its capital in the sagging stock market. Investing capital reserves in stocks is a common though risky practice on Wall Street. Many of the larger firms, including Merrill Lynch, refuse to chance it. But McDonnell did, and so does Francis I. du Pont, among others.

Last week's news was also disconcerting. Bache & Co., the second largest brokerage house, announced an \$8.7 million pretax loss for last year. Goodbody & Co. reportedly had a \$1.5 million operating loss in the first two months of this year. Hayden, Stone took a \$17.5 million loan from a group of investors in Oklahoma. And Kleiner, Bell & Co. announced that it was getting out of the brokerage business, but will continue as an investment banker.

No Profit in Trades. The trouble with Wall Street is that the securities business, which fattens on the managerial



HOTEL CAFÉ AT LUNCHTIME IN SAN JUAN
What happened to Mardi Gras?

without paying too high a price in unemployment. Nixon has slapped them down hard, but he seems to be getting nervous about sticking with the professors. The professors may well be correct in thinking that their course will stop runaway inflation without plunging the U.S. into a deep recession. If they are wrong, however, the political damage to the Republican Party and the economic damage to the nation could be extreme.

TRAVEL

Dim Season in the Sun

Determined to snare its share of Puerto Rico's bountiful tourist trade, the new nightclub El Cortijo opened the season in San Juan with 20 flamenco dancers, twelve waiters and two dance combos. Last week, with more than half of its 185 seats empty each night, El Cortijo was down to eight dancers, six waiters and one combo. It also dropped its \$5 cover charge.

the Caribbean have a doleful morning-after-Mardi Gras look, with hotel reservations 30% below last year.

One of the hardest hit is San Juan, where shopkeepers, concessionaires and restaurant owners complain that sales are limping 50% behind last season. The dice tables and roulette wheels in some plush gambling casinos are almost at a standstill. A main part of San Juan's problem is high prices. A double room in a "luxury" hotel runs \$40 to \$60 a day, not including meals. Stateside newspapers are sold for 30¢ and a package of Life Savers for 25¢. Some hotels have a one dollar extra daily charge simply for having a phone in the room. Despite dwindling revenues, most hotel owners refuse to lower prices, figuring that it is too late to attract new business.

Vacation business in Miami is off by an estimated 15%. Travel from the U.S. mainland to Hawaii has fallen by 10%, and there are 78% fewer vacationers staying a month or more. Some



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pross and high technical competence of others, is itself poorly managed and technically backward. Though the Stock Exchange has started a centralized certificate clearing service, millions of dollars worth of stock certificates are still moved back and forth each day by aged messengers. Office automation came to the brokerage business relatively recently, and only because the Street was strangling in its own paper work. In 1968, brokers stepped up hiring expensive new talent and adding office equipment. All of this added greatly to the brokers' costs. At the same time, their income was reduced because of a cut in commission rates on large trades and the shortening of trading hours, a change imposed to give back offices time to catch up. On top of that, the market started its long decline in December of 1968, and volume tumbled. Costs could not be cut enough to prevent last year from being a disaster.

According to the Exchange, half of its member firms that serve the public lost money on their stock-trading business last year and continue to do so. Even Merrill Lynch, the largest and most efficient brokerage house, made most of its 1969 profit from underwriting and from its commodity and bond-trading activities. Institutional houses—which deal with mutual funds, insurance companies and pension plans—do well by comparison. Such institutions account for more than 40% of the current 11 million-share daily volume. That leaves the retail firms to scramble for the remaining 6,000,000 shares per day, the level of trading that prevailed in the mid-1960s before the recent spurt of expensive expansion took place. One good index of the malaise in the market: the price of a seat on the Exchange dropped from \$515,000 last May to \$300,000 this month.

Emergency Fund. In a semicrisis atmosphere last month, Robert Haack, Bernard Lasker and Ralph DeNunzio, the three top officers of the New York Stock Exchange, went to Washington to ask the Securities and Exchange Commission for an increase of 17% in brokerage commissions, the first raise since 1958. At the time, the plan was criticized as a heavy burden would be placed on investors, and the public support some slop. Last week, with the Exchange's position in Washington to ask for interim surcharge of 10 shares. The surcharge of 50% of the regular fee is lower. \$5 cover charge.

That would help keep some brokers solvent while the SEC studies the February proposal.

The Exchange maintains a trust fund to cover customers against losses if their broker fails. It has committed \$6,000,000 to the orderly liquidation of McDonnell. The money will enable McDonnell to repay bank loans and reclaim customers' stock that had been pledged as collateral to secure the loans. Investors who buy stock on margin must agree to let the brokerage firm use the stock as collateral. McDonnell's clients stand to get their cash or stock, though margin customers may have to wait some time for the paper work to be unscrambled. One result of the McDonnell failure could be a decline in margin speculation because there is always the



MESSANGER IN BROKERAGE DISTRICT
Automation came late.

chance that the stock could be tied up indefinitely if more brokerages fail.

The Exchange has also committed \$6,000,000 from its trust fund to the liquidation of two firms that failed last year. It has only \$3.3 million left to handle other emergencies, though it does have a \$15 million line of credit from banks. If several big houses should go under, the Exchange would assess the membership, and some institutional firms might well decide to leave the Big Board rather than pay up.

The latest tremors show that shareholders need more protection than the Exchange's trust fund provides. Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie has introduced a bill that would set up a Broker-Dealer Insurance Corp. similar to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., which protects bank depositors. Congress might be wise not to wait for the kind of disaster that brought FDIC to fruition before acting on the proposal.

YOUNG EXECUTIVES Bear Market in Sheepskins

The Class of '70 is having a hard time passing the ultimate examination—in campus placement offices. The business slowdown and defense cutbacks are being felt in the form of fewer job offers and more demanding company recruiters. Starting salaries for nontechnical men with baccalaureates are only 4.6% above last year's average of \$8,200.

The College Placement Council reports that compared with 1969, job offers to men are down 16% at the bachelor's degree level and 26% lower for M.A.s. Dr. James Souther, placement director at the University of Washington, says that the job market is tighter than he has seen it since 1953. At Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, recruiting is off 10%. At Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N.J., interviews by Standard Oil of California, Boeing, Uniroyal, Gulf Oil, Carborundum and Volkswagen of America were canceled. For the first time in 30 years, Du Pont is not interviewing Princeton seniors.

Boom in Bookkeepers. The only exception is in accounting, which has replaced physics and aerospace engineering as the specialty most sought by corporate recruiters. Michigan State University has already placed 250 June accounting graduates. At the University of Texas, accounting firms are recruiting in the law school and among liberal-arts undergraduates. "They're willing to train anybody with an interest in the work," says a placement officer. Starting salaries for new accounting graduates average \$10,000 a year.

Why are accountants so popular? The merger boom of the late 1960s and increasingly complex tax laws have heightened the demand for specialists who can decipher the numbers. In addition, the business slump has put a premium on men trained in the fine art of conserving cash.

Down with Eggheads. The tight job market may be curbing student anti-business attitudes, though there is some evidence that they were never as strong as popularly believed. There is, for instance, a marked decline in the harassment of campus recruiters. Perhaps there are just too few of them around to picket. Duke University's director of placement services, Patricia O'Connor, has seen little indication of students avoiding business, but feels that many are now "more flexible" about whom they will work for. William W. Wells, director of selection and placement for Genesco, notes a new humility among undergraduates: "They want a job and are not so particular."

Recruiters are becoming particular about whom they will take. James L. Lubin, placement director at Newark College of Engineering, notes that the vague, egghead type is being left out. Says he: "Companies appear to be going for the student who can turn a buck."

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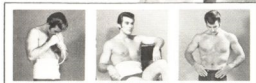
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—Richard Nixon

Five months after the President enunciated his Latin American policy, U.S. business feels less wanted and more endangered than ever in several countries to the south. A new wave of nationalism, fed by currents of envy and insecurity, is breaking across South America. The mood finds its main outlet in anti-U.S. economic moves. Last year total U.S. investment in the continent hardly increased at all from the \$9 billion level reached in 1968. In most of the countries along the west coast, to-

of complaining that U.S. investment amounts to "economic imperialism." To demonstrate their independence of the U.S., some governments harass *Yanqui* enterprises while soliciting foreign investment elsewhere. As U.S. businessmen turn cautious, the Soviet Union is expanding its trade and technical aid to much of the continent. The current investment climate in major nations:

BAD

Peru tries to reassure foreign businessmen, but its militant ruling generals often act with a clumsy haste that defeats their aim. The first blow fell late in 1968 when International Petroleum Co., a Jersey Standard subsidiary that had earned a good deal of local unpopularity, was seized without compensation. Last June W.R. Grace's rich sugar estates were expropriated; the government has announced that the company will be compensated, but the amount has not yet been fixed and most of it will be paid in hard-to-redeem bonds. In January the junta decreed that the nation's mainly U.S.-owned auto industry—13 car and truck assembly plants worth \$25 million—must be "Peruvianized." By next year the companies must sell 51% of their stock to local citizens.

Chile has speeded up its "gradual nationalization" policy and now owns 51% of the stock in the country's major copper producers, all U.S. firms. Two of the three candidates in the current presidential campaign call for nationalizing the copper companies completely. Gradual nationalization has also been applied to the U.S.-owned Chilean Power Co., and the state expects to take over 44% of International Telephone & Telegraph's phone subsidiary by 1976.

Bolivia tries to outdo Peru in some ways. General Alfredo Ovando Candia, in a bid to end the shaky ultranationalist government last September, is attempting to nationalize the country's oil and gas. Bolivia-Peru nationalized oil on October 1, and Argentina has been nationalizing its oil and gas. Gulf was

Brazil, which was issuing decrees against outside businessmen a year ago, is again encouraging North American investment—with lukewarm success. Early estimates are that U.S. investments last year were less than in 1968. Despite apparent calm under the harshly repressive military regime, the discontent that led to earlier discrimination against foreign investment is still powerful. It could erupt if the economy falters in the land that always seems to squander its potential.

GOOD

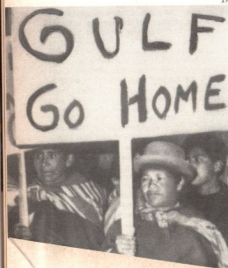
Colombia, which is dominated by a sophisticated entrepreneurial class, welcomes investment and lays out clear ground rules of the kind that entice foreigners. Occasionally, the country excludes projects—such as a U.S. bank buying control of a Colombian bank



—considered harmful to local business interests. U.S. investment amounts to \$800 million and is rising by \$25 million a year. Among other companies, Gulf Oil is substantially increasing its stake.

Argentina, rich in resources and confident about its future, has regained the best climate on the continent. No government approval is required for foreign investment, though the country discourages takeovers of domestic firms. Fifteen of the 25 largest companies in Argentina are U.S.-owned. Even so, the atmosphere could change. Twenty plants and offices owned by U.S. firms were bombed or attacked during last year's labor violence. But the pro-business attitude of the administration in power is considered the most important factor.

Caught between rising birth rates and inadequate sources of local capital, Lat-



It's a good idea to get a good idea of the difference between a good idea and a bad idea. If you want a good idea, you need to know the difference between a good idea and a bad idea. If you want a good idea, you need to know the difference between a good idea and a bad idea.

Emergency Food Assistance Program. The first step is to get a good idea of the difference between a good idea and a bad idea. If you want a good idea, you need to know the difference between a good idea and a bad idea.

At last week's meeting, the Exchange's Board of Directors voted to ask the Securities and Exchange Commission for an increase of 10% in the fee for each company that wants to list on the New York Stock Exchange. The fee is currently \$100,000 per company.

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in America depends greatly upon foreign enterprise for its prosperity. But during an era when there is plenty of investment opportunity elsewhere, U.S. business usually shuns hostile territory. In a capital-shy world, revolutionary politicians are likely to find that the emotional satisfaction of kicking the gringo is an expensive pleasure.

CONSUMERISM

Nader's Raiders Strike Again

Regulatory bodies, like the people who comprise them, have a marked life cycle. In youth, they are vigorous, aggressive, evangelistic and even intolerant. Later they mellow, and in old age—after a matter of ten or 15 years—they become, with some exceptions, either an arm of the industry they are regulating or senile.

—John Kenneth Galbraith

Critics of the Interstate Commerce Commission have long argued that it manages to be captive and senile at the same time. Last year seven law students, directed by Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader, delved deep into the ICC's record and conducted more than 500 interviews, mail surveys and statistical analyses. Last week they issued a 1,200-page draft report, devastating in detail, which argues persuasively that the public good would best be served if the ICC were abolished altogether.

The essence of their report, hardly news to official Washington, is that the 83-year-old ICC does not exactly regulate the 17,000 railway, trucking, shipping and pipeline companies under its jurisdiction. Rather, it operates a cartel on their behalf. According to the report, the commission in effect presides over thousands of local transport mo-

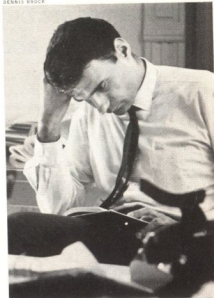
nopolies, protecting inefficient carriers from competition at the expense of the public. It permits massive discrimination in rates, a practice that it was expressly set up to forbid. Where railways have no water-borne competition they have charged shippers five times as much, computed on a cents per ton-mile basis, as they charged in areas where they had to compete. That sort of practice, the report argues, has caused consumers to pay an incalculable amount in excess charges and has led to severe distortions in the economy. In addition, carriers charge more per pound for high-value, mostly finished items than for bulk cargo. The pricing structure tends to make it more economical for manufacturers to locate their plants close to their markets instead of near their sources of raw materials—with a resulting contribution to urban congestion and pollution.

Meccas of Transportation. The students documented a close relationship between the ICC commissioners and the industries they regulate. Industry groups paid for luncheons and hotel rooms for commissioners who frequently found it necessary to examine personally such "surface transportation meccas as Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Bahamas." The report says that an industry group even once paid for a hairdresser for Virginia Mae Brown, who chaired the commission until Dec. 31. Mrs. Brown, who last summer announced that members of the commission could not accept any money from regulated industries, says that "to the best of my knowledge it is not true" that she got free beauty treatment. The report adds that eleven out of twelve commissioners in the past dozen years accepted high posts with industry after they left, or appeared as lawyers arguing cases before the ICC.

The commission, said Nader's investigators, never cracked down on moving companies for the common practice of "bumping" the weight of goods—for example, by putting two loads on the same van, and charging twice for the combined weight, or adding up to 600 lbs., by filling the gas tank just before the loaded van was weighed. The report cites the estimate of a former manager of a moving company that at least half of the people who moved in 1969 were overcharged. Similarly, the commission disregarded travelers' interests by "presiding over the funeral" of the passenger train. When three Southwestern states protested the downgrading of service on the Southern Pacific's *Sunset Limited*, the commission mulled over the question for 41 months, then decided, against the judgment of most outside experts, that it had no power to do anything.

Don't Panic. The report recommends the abolition of the ICC, as well as the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Federal Maritime Commission, so that all three can be replaced by a single agency. Such an agency would be able to set a coherent national transportation

DENNIS DUCK



ADVOCATE NADER AT WORK
Inexhaustible supply of tinder.

policy, relying less on regulation and more on the free market to set rates. It would sharpen competition among companies in all forms of transport.

What will happen to the report? The students presented their findings to a Senate subcommittee last week, and the Senators invited the ICC to reply. Said an ICC spokesman: "I think I'd say, don't panic. If it just dies down, forget it." The last time that Nader's Raiders documented the failings of a regulatory agency, the Federal Trade Commission, their report led to a study by the American Bar Association, which essentially backed their findings, but recommended that the FTC be given another chance. The FTC has indeed been improved since then. At the least, the students have provided an inexhaustible supply of tinder for any politician who wants to light a match under the ICC.

Ralph Nader's power to sway—and shake—Government and corporate institutions was demonstrated again last week. In February, he and some associates made nine proposals to General Motors—on desegregation, pollution and auto safety—and asked that shareholders be allowed to vote on them. G.M. refused. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission ordered the company to include two of the proposals in its 1970 proxy statement, to be voted on by shareholders. One would enlarge the G.M. board of directors from 24 to 27, bringing in three consumer representatives. The other would set up a committee for corporate responsibility, funded by G.M., to press consumer interests. No doubt the proposals will be defeated. Even so, the SEC ruling set a precedent, opening a way for shareholders of other corporations to have a say on consumer issues.



ICC'S VIRGINIA MAE BROWN
Invitation to reply.

MARTIN MARIETTA MOVES

in cement,
aggregates,
aluminum,
lime, high
technology
systems,
dyes, silicas,
chemicals,
printing inks,
refractories.

Financial Highlights

December 31

	1969	1968
Sales		
Cement and Lime	\$115,217,000	\$106,656,000
Chemical	106,630,000	100,026,000
Rock Products	71,337,000	63,479,000
Aluminum	189,567,000	—
Aerospace	498,693,000	411,865,000
Total	<u>\$981,444,000</u>	<u>\$682,026,000</u>

Earnings

Cement and Lime	\$ 11,693,000	\$ 10,116,000
Chemical	7,333,000	7,908,000
Rock Products	5,863,000	7,001,000
Aluminum	7,517,000	—
Aerospace	16,729,000	14,447,000
Total	<u>49,135,000</u>	<u>39,472,000</u>

Other income and deductions:

The Bunker-Ramo Corporation	3,350,000	2,739,000
Other income—net	994,000	2,606,000
Earnings before interest	53,479,000	44,817,000
Interest net of federal income taxes	9,297,000	4,586,000
Total net earnings	<u>\$ 44,182,000</u>	<u>\$ 40,231,000</u>

Per Common Share

Net Earnings assuming no dilution	\$ 2.21	\$ 2.08
Net Earnings assuming full dilution	2.10	2.05

Total Assets

\$906,498,000	\$641,865,000
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Other Data

Average number of common shares outstanding	19,859,990	19,183,270
Number of shareholders	82,823	74,443
Number of employees	32,000	26,700

These are financial excerpts from our 1969 Annual Report. Per share earnings reached a record high of \$2.21.

MARTIN MARIETTA
277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Aluminum sales and earnings (less earnings applicable to the minority interest) reflect the operations of Harvey Aluminum (Incorporated) for its fiscal year which ended September 30, 1969. Martin Marietta increased its ownership in Harvey from 41% to 82.7% during 1969.

TELEVISION & SHOW BUSINESS

Ratings, White House Style

Any doubts that the Nixon-Agnew Administration has been keeping tabs on the TV networks' news coverage are now resolved. The Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch* has printed the score card. According to a White House report leaked to the paper, three presidential aides monitored supper-hour newscasts from August to December 1969 and rated each item involving the Administration as pro, con or neutral. NBC ranked lowest, because it "periodically becomes crusading and generates news" tending "to reflect unfavorably on the Administration."

The balance sheet:
ABC: 29% pro, 29% con, 41% neutral.
CBS: 24% pro, 25% con, 51% neutral.
NBC: 15% pro, 44% con, 40% neutral.

Courtroom Drama

A tour of jury duty leaves many Americans let down enough to sue Perry Mason for perjury. TV has not exactly prepared the U.S. citizen for the unheroic, humdrum grind of the mills of justice. But this week National Educational Television is making up for that lack by broadcasting a four-part study of the judicial process. The unprecedented series of 90-minute shows is entitled *Trial: The City and County of Denver v. Lauren R. Watson*.

Denver v. Watson was an actual case, filmed with all the participants' consent last March in Colorado (the only state besides Texas that allows cameras in the courtroom). It was "a classic of the ritual drama of American justice," says Producer Robert Fresco. The trial involved a Black Panther arrested for "resisting and interfering with a police officer." The testimony, as might be expected, was contradictory. The defense lawyer claimed that the white cop was really at fault for "harassing" a black by bellowing out "White Power!" and "We need to kill this black bastard!" The prosecution argued that the defendant had repeatedly referred to a policeman as a "f---ing pig," and had tried to elude arrest.

The jury, interviewed after the trial, was white, middle class and often confused. The judge, Zita Weinshienk, a bright but engagingly modest lady of 36, was seen in her chambers researching puzzling points in *Black's Law Dictionary*. The prosecutor was a stodgy, humorless sort who spoke in impenetrable legal jargon and once, while examining his witness on the term "pig," inquired: "Officer, were there any animals of the porcine species there?" The defense attorney was a dynamic 28-year-old who may have seemed too cocky and slick to the Colorado jurors.

As the trial neared its conclusion, NET's microphones caught whispered tactical talks between lawyers and witnesses, hushed parleys at the bench between counsel and judge. During recesses the producer interviewed the key figures on their strategies and expectations. The building tension undoubtedly hooked first-night viewers into sticking with the series.

The defendant was finally acquitted, but in a chilling post-mortem he proclaimed his continuing belief that there is no justice for blacks in America. In



WATSON & WEINSHIENK IN TRIAL

The tedium is the message.

the first place, Watson said, blacks are not usually represented by lawyers as capable as his was. Secondly, "the officers who brutalized me" should have been penalized. "I should have resisted arrest." He concluded: "I should have killed both of them."

The Return of the Smothers

The Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. staged a modish little executive brainstorming seminar in suburban New York last week. The subject was the future of television programming; the guest thinkers included Anthropologist Margaret Mead, *Esquire* Editor Harold Hayes, Ford Foundation "Social Development" Officer Roger Wilkins—and Tommy Smothers.

Former CBS Star Smothers was kind of apologetic for his presence. "I didn't realize I was important until they made me shut up," he explained. But Tommy also sounded mighty wistful for larger audiences than the Westinghouse assemblage of 30. Immediately after his speech, in which he discussed youth's contempt for present-day TV, he drove back to Manhattan to pursue more personal programming talks with ABC. By the end of the week, attorneys for the network and Smothers Inc. had virtually assured the return of the broth-

ers to a weekly network series after a year's banishment.

The contract will call for a minimum of eight one-hour shows beginning in July. If they succeed, the boys could be moved into the ABC year-round lineup in January 1971. For onetime top-ten TV headliners to gamble on a summer-replacement audition requires "tremendous guts," marvels one ABC executive. Tommy himself admits that some of his show-biz colleagues might consider the deal "demeaning," and that off-season substitute series are "generally so much sheep-dip."

But Tommy's talk these days is unprecedentedly mellow. "When a network can't even raise its eyebrows in a newscast," he says, "you have to adjust. You don't get anywhere being angry. You have to work from within." His social commentary will be "softer," he promises. He will work "through indirection."

ABC, for its part, says that "we have no interest in emasculating the Smothers." In fact, Tommy has promised to submit his scripts to the network's censors two weeks prior to broadcast date and his final tapes nine days before. He figures on laying off the Viet Nam issue and leaning into ecology. He would like to venture into animation and electronic experiments with film. What it all adds up to, he says, is that "Dick and I have to get back on the air."

A Kitten Purring Beethoven

Oscar night is an involuntary collaboration between DeMille and DeSade. As the television cameras pan the contestants and the critics pan the show, muscles twitch, words are flubbed, sweat drenches dinner jackets and gowns. No such problems are likely to bother Genevieve Bujold. Nominated for her starring role opposite Richard Burton in *Anne of the Thousand Days*, the Canadian actress can hardly wait for the eve of April 7. "I like moments of density," she says. "The odds are heavily against me. But even if I lose, the moment of loss will stay with me until I die."

That pragmatic philosophy would sound right issuing from the clenched lips of Nominee Dustin Hoffman, who declines to attend the spectacle. But from the bow lips of the narrow-shouldered lass with the French intonations? *Tiens*, it is like a kitten purring Beethoven. And Genevieve insists that there are more at home like her. "European women—they're so exaggerated," she declares. "Like Frenchwomen, they're such bitches. They look at each other, not men. And American women—they have no secrets. The best women—I have to say it—are Canadians. No one has noticed us for so long."

Without a Net. If the discovery of Canadian women is to be the Yukon of the '70s, the credit will be due, in large part, to their saleswoman. Born in Montreal, Genevieve went through the familiar Catholic training. "For



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AWAY AND YOU JUST REALIZED THAT
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BEHAVIOR

The Berlin Syndrome

Politically, West Berlin is a free-world showcase. Psychologically, it is the undisputed capital of what Germans call *Selbstmord*—self-murder. Locked deep in East German territory, the city of 2,200,000 reports an average of 20 suicide attempts a day, three successful. Last year 932 West Berliners killed themselves, mostly by hanging, sleeping pills, gas and drowning. The city's suicide rate of 39.5 per 100,000 persons is almost double that of West Germany and probably unmatched anywhere else in the civilized world.

Nonetheless, says Dr. Klaus Thomas, head of a West Berlin psychiatric clinic that has treated more than 12,000 would-be suicides, Berliners, and other Germans for that matter, have no particular "German suicide personality." In a computer-aided study of 10,000 patients who have passed through his Berlin Suicide Prevention Center, Thomas found few unusual characteristics. Most (53%) of the patients were troubled by problems of sex and marriage. One in twelve patients were men of the cloth, but that was no great surprise to Thomas, an ex-Lutheran pastor. "Everyone else turns to the clergy," he says. "But to whom does the clergy turn?"

The main reason for West Berlin's suicide rate is simply that it has an enriched supply of the factors that go with *Selbstmord*. More than 21% of the population is over 65; many are aging war widows who see little left to live for. Moreover, Thomas observes, the city's geographic and political isolation seems to reinforce the psychological isolation of the would-be suicide. Indeed, many Berlin suicides are young West Germans who have come to the city specifically to be alone—a situation that weighs heavily around Christmas, a high suicide season in West Berlin. The Wall, Thomas notes, has only enhanced the divided city as a concrete image of "the pre-suicidal syndrome in the person." Nowhere else, in short, is a troubled personality more likely to turn into a suicidal one.

Omygod

It is a peculiarly harrowing, morbid anxiety. It is as familiar to the little boy in the second-grade pageant as it is to the Broadway star; the soldier at roll call suffers from it, and so does the speaker at a Rotary luncheon. The stomach churns. The hands sweat. The mouth goes dry and the mind goes blank. Down comes a curtain of helpless despair. The victim wishes he could be somewhere, anywhere else—now. But he cannot be: the audience is waiting.

Writing in the current issue of New York University's *Drama Review*, Psychoanalyst Donald M. Kaplan traces stage fright through three phases, and then sets the phenomenon in Freudian

twelve years I was in a convent school," she recalls. "Everything was very *comme il faut*, very strict, but I remained myself." Then she was caught by one of the sisters reading a proscribed volume, Marcel Pagnol's *Fanny*. On the school's insistence, Geneviève made her first big exit. Soon afterward she enrolled in the Province of Quebec Conservatory of Drama.

There the discipline proved as rigid as the convent's, with classical presentations of Racine, Corneille and Molière. But Geneviève could never quite adhere to any tradition. Two months before graduation, she was offered a part in a professional production of *The Barber of Seville*. She took a leap without a net. "A diploma can't get you work in the theater," she decided. "But a part can." It did. She took parts with a repertory company and caromed around Europe. In Paris, Director Alain Resnais was looking for a young girl to co-star as Yves Montand's adolescent amour in *La Guerre Est Finie*. Geneviève transferred from the Parisian television screen to the film scene without missing a cue. She appeared opposite Alan Bates and Jean-Paul Belmondo, once as a madwoman, then as a spoiled heiress. The parts pinched a bit, but somehow Geneviève let out the seams and made them star-sized.

Partly it was her accented voice that did it—hesitant at the surface, confident underneath, like the upper register of a cello. Partly it was the dark, liquid eyes, staring past the camera in what her admirers described as hypnotic lust and what her ophthalmologist analyzed as acute myopia. But after all, there have been hundreds of promising starlets with shiny eyes, trained voices and good bones. With Bujold what made the difference was the ability to melt the parts and the actress into something special.

Believable Appetite. *Anne of the Thousand Days*, for example, is a costumer's spectacle, filled with wind and hung with tinsel. It is Bujold who renders the erotic appetite of Henry VIII believable. Anne is no standard prima donna marking pentameters until her next big speech. She is a vain coquette who is first delighted with her body when it attracts the King, then distressed and finally destroyed by it when, as Queen, she fails to produce the necessary male heir. Her doomed wail, "Oh my God, the King is mad!" almost redeems the whole overblown epic. Yet it is Bujold's very sexuality that makes her question the validity of her role as a chaste but tantalizing nymph in the early scenes. "I don't believe that a girl

like Anne Boleyn and a man like Henry can be all that time without touching each other," she says. "I am sure there was heavy petting going on."

Love of Camera. Somewhere along her way, Geneviève broke with the past; she became a lapsed Catholic. In 1967, she married a divorced Protestant, Director Paul Almond. In Almond's highly personal new film, *The Act of the Heart*, she stars as a St. Joan-like naïve who falls fatally in love with an Augustinian priest (Donald Sutherland). The Almonds live quietly with their 20-month-old son Matthew in a rambling house overlooking Montreal, one mile from the home of Geneviève's father, who still drives his city bus on its appointed daily rounds.

It is all very, very arranged and solide, like her opinions: On minis v. midis: "I dress in whatever way excites

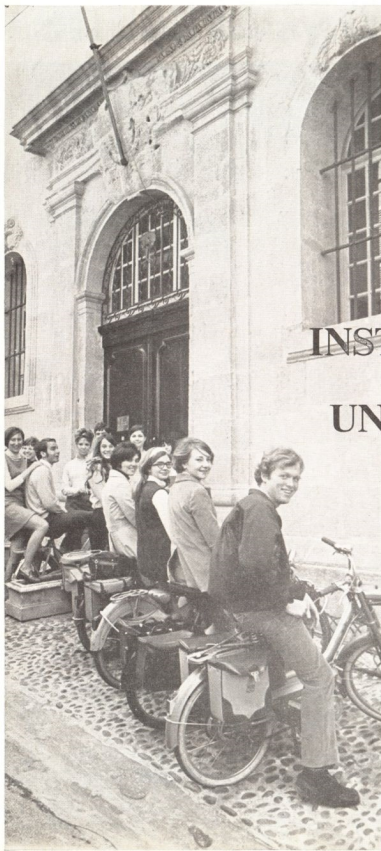
LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



GENEVIÈVE BUJOLD & SON MATTHEW
Eyes liquid, opinions solide.

the man I'm with." On movies: "I confess it, I love the camera. When it's not on me I'm not quite alive." On acting: "As soon as they say 'Action' I can smell in the first two seconds whether I am going to get on the wave or not. And if you don't get on you have this disastrous feeling. I can tell you—it's like love without climax." On Women's Liberation types: "I think they're all warped or something."

Though flattering offers are made weekly, she remains uncommitted to a single project. Despite her firm opinions on everything else, she seems not to have made up her mind about herself. "I have signed no contract with anyone," she says. "I don't know where to go next or how to get there." But she is not likely to hesitate long when someone finally points the way. "I like being told what to do," says Geneviève Bujold. "I wish someone would tell me what to do."



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Sketch: satellite atop upper stage Centaur.



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perspective. Stage fright, he notes, usually begins with the actual scheduling of an event. An actor need only recall "the simple fact of the impending performance" to bring on moods of depression, spells of manic agitation, outbursts among intimates. And that goes for veterans as well as tyros. Marlene Dietrich acted out a classic example of the problem in the 1950 movie *Stage Fright*. Some years ago, the late Paul Muni was in New York to do a play. "After all the pictures I'd made, after so many years in the theater—yet when I walked up from Sixth Avenue to Broadway and saw 'Paul Muni in *Inherit the Wind*,' I got sick to my stomach. I got nervous and unhappy about the whole thing." Says Jimmy Stewart, now starring in the Broadway revival of *Harvey*: "I've never been able to overcome the fear thing. The anticipation of acting is just stark terror."

Like other anxiety states, stage fright triggers defense mechanisms, but they ultimately fail because the fear "enlarges with the passage of time; the defense cannot alter the fixed moment of the performance." That failure induces a second-phase symptom: "the delusion that the audience is convening for an occasion of devastating ridicule and humiliation for the performer. This delusion is frankly paranoid."

Backstage Defenses. The final hours and minutes are the worst. Just before his entrance, the actor may experience "blocking"—nothing less than disconnection "from all avenues of functioning, including speech." Onstage, blocking gives way to "depersonalization," wherein an observing self watches, as if from afar, a performing self. This terminal point of stage fright is blessedly brief: "Full recovery," says Kaplan, "is usually rapid."

Kaplan maintains that stage fright de-



DIETRICH IN "STAGE FRIGHT"
Frankly paranoid delusion.

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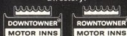
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MUNI IN "WIND"

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rives from "all levels of psychosexual development." He points to the anxious adult's tendency to touch his nose or mouth or chin, acts rooted in the infant's use of its own hand as a source of physical comfort when its mother—its source of sustenance—is absent. The actor fears a hostile or unappreciative audience, but knows he *must perform*, that his hands and body are strictly choreographed; he is defenseless at the height of his anxiety. (As opposed to the paranoid, who can try to flee his imagined dangers, or to the impostor, who can regulate the time and place of his performance.) So, backstage, the actor goes through various defenses beforehand—holding a cigarette perhaps, or squeezing a rubber ball, or simply wringing his hands. Aside from these manipulations, he may steel himself with pep talk or by elaborately pretending indifference to what lies ahead.

Among other aspects of stage fright that hark back to childhood developments are a fear of losing control and "making a mess" of one's performance (sphincter control), and the fantasy that the audience doubts the actor's "adult sexual power" (early genitalia fascination).

Kaplan insists that stage fright is not a neurotic state, because it is "an induced anxiety." The actor puts up with a painful situation for good reasons—recognition, approval, money. And there is another reason: the actor is fascinated with himself, as, night after night, he enters a period of extreme anxiety and proves to himself that he is not afraid to be afraid. The surest relief from stage fright, says Kaplan, is empathy between actor and audience. The actor, of course, is eager for it, and once the audience reciprocates, stage fright has become "a creative problem" whose solution enriches the performance.

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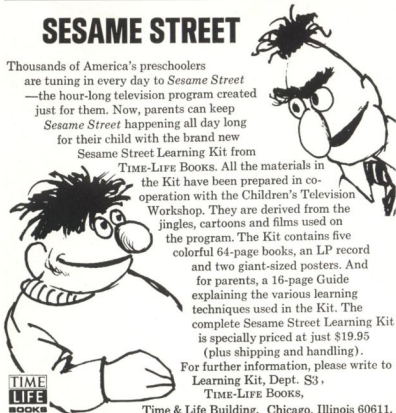
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CINEMA

Shades of Lavender

"Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a gay corpse." That line is the summing up of the hero and the film, *The Boys in the Band*. Adapted from Mart Crowley's off-Broadway hit, the movie suffers slightly from its exposure to air—from the process of "opening up" the work to include exteriors and reaction shots. The play took place in a single, narrow set that seemed like a down elevator to hell. On-screen, the claustrophobic atmosphere has been dissipated. But the cast and, more important, the lines remain brilliantly bitchy and incisive.

In Greenwich Village, an edgy "queen" named Michael (Kenneth Nelson) throws a birthday party for his intimate enemy, Harold (Leonard Frey). The guests are all various shades of lavender. They range from muscular stud to the outrageously effeminate Emory (Cliff Gorman), who arrives with a "present": a \$20-a-trick midnight cowboy* (Robert La Tourneau). All of the people at the party bring hang-ups along with their gifts; one man has left his wife and children for a promiscuous partner; a Negro labeled "the queen of spades" suffers for his skin and his psyche; the host himself is a much-analyzed Roman Catholic who can neither take his inversion nor leave it alone.

Out of guilt is born hostility. The

* The newspaper ad for the R-rated movie, showing the "present" and the guest of honor, has provoked a few more hang-ups. When it was first submitted, it was refused by all major daily newspapers in Chicago, San Francisco and Boston. It was also turned down by the *Los Angeles Times* and the *New York Daily News*.



Today is Michael's birthday

This is his present



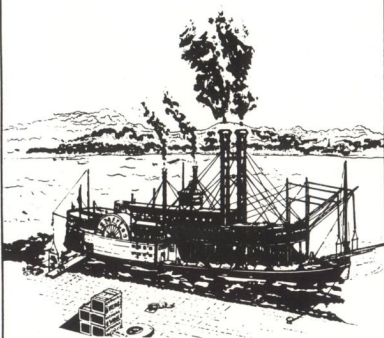
Mart Crowley's
"THE BOYS IN THE BAND"
...is not a musical.

Produced by Michael, the play has been a success in New York City, and is now being produced in other cities. It is a play about the lives of a group of gay men in New York City. It is a play about the lives of a group of gay men in New York City. It is a play about the lives of a group of gay men in New York City.

BANNED AD FOR "BOYS IN THE BAND"
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party starts with deprecating "in" jokes: "There's one thing to be said for masturbation: you certainly don't have to look your best." But the precious pad is soon converted into an operating theater where each guest is a subject for dissection and all the others are angry surgeons.

Motherless Sons. The most savage sequence is a telephone game blundered into by Alan (Peter White), a possible "straight" who was once the host's college roommate. Each player must dial, and then blurt "I love you" to the person he holds dearest. All the players are stoned out of their minds, but not out of their situations. Amid the four-letter confrontations, ugly—and sometimes beautiful—revelations occur, until finally the game's inventor is buried alive in a landslide of truths.

Through it all, Crowley moves like a recording angel, catching every nuance, every dipthong of homosexual patter. But the script is marked by more than an appraiser's eye and an unforgetting ear. The author well knows the men Proust called "sons without a mother." He delineates the reliance on alcohol and drugs to pull a shade over the mind; the loveless encounters that begin with need and end with arrest; the deadly message of the mirror that announces the ebbing of the physical attractiveness that is the homosexual's main solace.

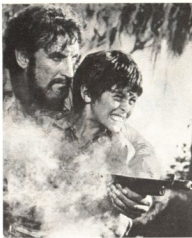
Though *The Boys in the Band* occasionally tries too hard to be moving, forcing wails and laments to the surface, the film needs no such theatrics. In the hands of such masters as Tennessee Williams and Edward Albee, individuals were always shown to be deviates first and human beings second. Crowley has done the reverse. If the situation of the homosexual is ever to be understood by the public, it will be because of the breakthrough made by this humane, moving picture.

Overworked Organ

"The rebels are in the suburbs!"

The line is worthy of Groucho, but then so is almost all of the dialogue in *The Adventurers*. Harold Robbins' peeping tome of love and revolution in a banana republic allowed for no such adornments as taste or logic, and neither does the film, at least not in its original 3-hr., 11-min. version. As a boy, Dax Xenos (Loris Loddi) sees his mother raped by the Fascists. He swears revenge and years later the adult Dax (Bekim Fehmiu) helps a Castro-style Latin American leader named Rojo (Alan Badel) to survive a bloody uprising. On the way to the palacio, Dax becomes an insatiable voluptuary. According to Robbins' five-peta psychology, the poor *niño* is cursed with the inability to feel—with his heart. With everything else, yes. But with that overworked organ, no.

Joseph E. Levine (*The Graduate*) purchased *The Adventurers* for a million dollars before a single word was written. Creative roulette was also played by the author. Once, during the as-



BADEL & LODDI IN "THE ADVENTURERS"
Riches of embarrassment.

semblage of the novel, Robbins' publisher got a sneak preview of an unfinished page. "What happens next?" he asked. "I don't know," came the reply. "The damned typewriter broke."

Firecrackers Banging. The same improvisational quality pervades the movie: breast-twisting rapes occur whenever the plot flags; sloop-eyed, heavy-breathing women chuff across the screen like freight trains; Dax goes through his life phases (from peasant to gigolo to millionaire) with a single expression—that of a man with a pebble in his shoe. Masochists, lovers of camp and chroniclers of the collapse of Hollywood will sift for years *The Adventurers'* riches of embarrassment. There is the waste of Charles Aznavour as a kinky sadist and Anna Moffo doing her mini-Maria Callas. There is Ernest Borgnine, trapped in a Spanish accent several sizes too large. There is Candice Bergen, grimacing as she loses her virginity to the offscreen sound of firecrackers banging. There is windy dialogue ("Yesterday never happens again"). There is the rhythmic up-and-down movement of a

camera lens during yet another harsh, graphic seduction scene.

Finally, this movie of unsexy sex and unleavened violence reveals its most absurd quality: an R rating. The rating system merely operates its hypocritical faculties when it X's such legitimate movies as *Medium Cool*, then blesses *The Adventurers* with a finger wag. Gazing at that lone letter, the viewer is left with the same question that occurs as he watches this beer picture on a champagne budget of \$10 million: ¿Por qué?

One Homeless Boy

Euphemisms are the anesthesia of language. In France, the abbreviation R.T. stands for *recueillis temporaires* (temporarily taken in), a numbing term for unadoptable children. *Me* refuses the anesthetic and presents a painful examination of one homeless boy, François (Michel Terrazon). Shifted from institution to foster home, the ten-year-old burns his bridges before he comes to them. He commits petty crimes, plays truant, lies to his many foster parents—all because he is afraid that if they love him he will lose them, as he lost his mother.

Terrazon, an untrained actor, moves with the swagger of the truly insecure. Surrounding him are other amateurs, including a grandmother (Marie Marc) who manages to define affection in terms that François finally comprehends.

In all deprived children, adult eyes watch from juvenile faces. François never completely changes: in the end, a prank turns into tragedy, and François takes a giant step backward to an institution. But if hope is dimmed it is not entirely extinguished; François is no longer a child, but neither is he unadoptable.

Among the financiers of *Me* were François Truffaut and Claude Berri, whose films, *The 400 Blows* and *The Two of Us*, were also examinations of childhood. In this case, their role was strictly financial; Maurice Pialat deserves the credit for his direction of citizens who say more about life than they say about themselves.



TERRAZON & MARC IN "ME"
Prank of tragedy.

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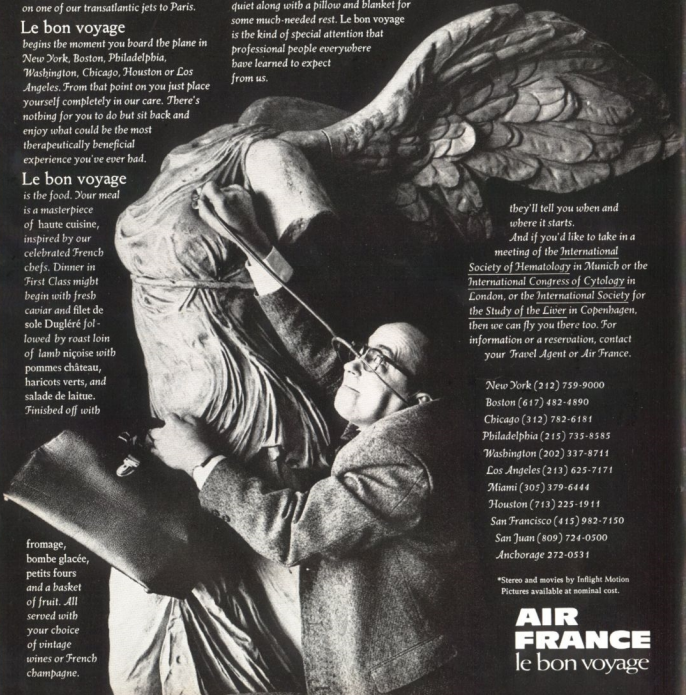
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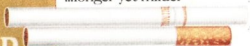
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